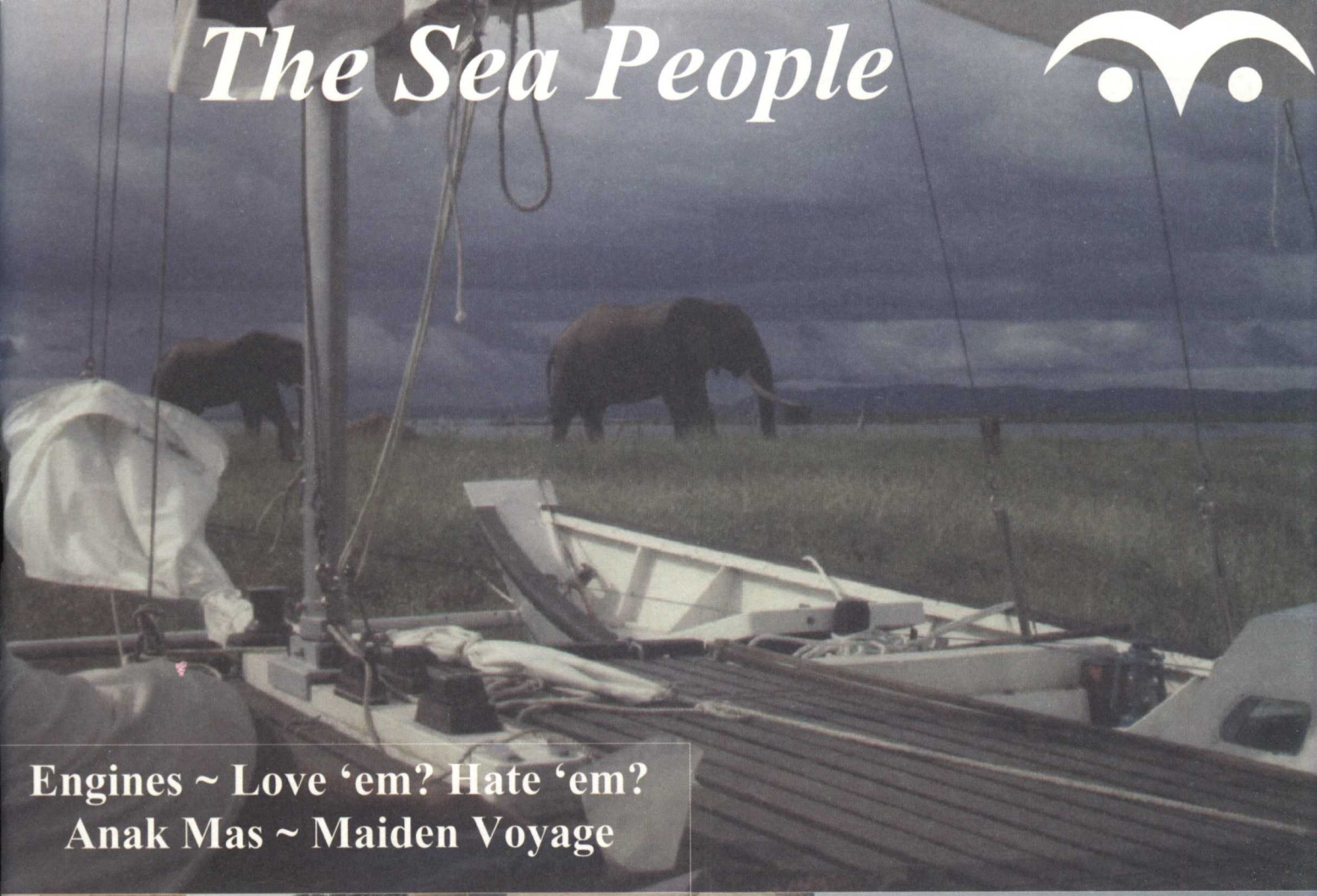
The Sea People



Engines ~ Love 'em? Hate 'em?
Anak Mas ~ Maiden Voyage

Taraipo ~ Crew Wanted
Child of Sea ~ Design Overview

No 56

JUNE 2004

SAILS

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Contents and Contacts

The Sea People

Magazine of the

Polynesian Catamaran Association

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COVER PHOTOS

- "Boa Gente" at Spurwing Island, Lake Kariba

All creatures great and small… Keith Viewing tells us that :-

1. Jumbo trunk in the fore-hatch seeks tasty oranges!
2. All animals step over mooring lines and never upon them

- "MAUGHIDHOO II" ~ Bjorn Wedel's Pahi 31

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From the PCA Constitution:
The objects of the Association are to promote and further the interests of builders and owners of Polynesian Catamarans, and to encourage the development of good seamanship in all its aspects amongst the association's members.
"Polynesian Catamarans" shall mean the various classes of catamarans as designed by James Wharram.

News for Sea People

VOTING FOR YOUR COMMITTEE FOR 2004/2005
You will find enclosed a voting slip in with this magazine. There were no other nominations submitted and the current committee members are prepared to serve for another year. (Doesn't mean they want to go on forever though).
Please return the slip to the PCA Office in the envelope supplied and :-
Feel free to write any comments / snippets of news on the back of the form.
Include any photos that you want to share with PCA members. We will scan all photos and return them if requested.

You can e-mail your votes to us if you prefer and save postage, but please still send us comments, snippets and photos. Any e-mail votes should be sent to secretary@pca-sepeople.org

Payment by IBAN : IBAN transfers are working well, however there is one small point! The cost of the IBAN transfer can be from the payer or shared between the payer and payee. We ask that YOU pay the full cost when using this method so the PCA receives the full £20 payment.
Thank you, Anita Hook (PCA Treasurer)

It is with much regret we relay the news that Chuck Hinman lost Tahiarii, his beloved Oro, in heavy weather off the Columbian coast on May 12th, 2004. We hope to bring details of the loss and Chucks observations and reflections in a future issue. Chuck reports that he'll be landlocked for a few years but hopes and expects to return to the sea with another Wharram in the future.

Well, after the Florida Keys meet last December, there was a mini-meet at Palm Coast, NE Florida at Bill Tait's home with Ann & Neville Clement and PEACEIV (Tiki 46). This has spurred activity on the east coast of the US with an August meet in Rhode Island and a planned meet at Hobe Sound in Florida in December, hosted by Gene Perry.

2004	PCA Meets & other Events	Contact
Jul 10 or 11	Solent Day Meet	Check Website
Jul 9-16	Brest Festival of the Sea	TBA
Jul 23-25	Channel Isles Meet	Dave Yettram
TBA	Possible Mini Meet Topsham,Devon	Mike Wynn
TBA (Aug)	Possible Dutch Meet Veersemeer	TBA
Aug 20	Deqdline for Sept SeaPeople material	Dave Peak
Aug 20-22	Solent Summer Meet	Robert Sheridan
Aug 27-30	Poole Summer Meet	Ken Hook
TBA	AGM	Ken Hook
	***** LONG RANGE PLANNING *****	
2005/6	50th "Tangaroa" Anniversary UK-Spain Rally	Dave Peak
2006/7	**50th TRANS-ATLANTIC Anniversary Rally**	Dave Peak/others

How to host a Meet

What's needed to host a meet ?
Enthusiasm & optimism
Minimally one (or two) boats, preferably Wharrams
A couple of anchorages within a days sail
Pre-designated pickup points
Site for a BBQ or inexpensive restaurant

Some PCA members have invited members to their areas with little or no turnout but continue to extend the invitation. This is the kind of optimism & enthusiasm needed. I've attended meets at 4 different locations. They've all been different and they have all had their own personalities and charm.

Organising a regional social is even easier - All you need is to designate a time and a place,. The PCA will willingly assist with notification via website, e-mail, magazine and regional snail-mailings (these usually produce best results).
*** A burgee or item of PCA clothing will be given to all hosts of PCA events/rallies.

OK who was paying attention?

In last months issue I included a **Long Range Planning** section to the Meets Calendar with two items of some historical significance. Now I'm sure this editorial page is the very last thing you guys and gals read, it generally was in my case, but in 1955 James, Ruth and Jutta departed from Falmouth in the home built "Tangaroa" in pursuit of a dream. Wintering over in the Spanish Rias they continued that pursuit the following year sailing on down to the Canaries and onto the Caribbean.

To celebrate those events in the golden jubilee years we're planning several activities

- A special jubilee edition of SeaPeople next issue
- A jubilee re-creation cruise from Falmouth to the Spanish Rias August 2005
- A similar re-creation cruise from the Canaries to Caribbean December 2006

These two cruises will be low key affairs and certainly not races.

Well now you have a goal, get that boat finished, get yourself shipshape and get involved. To achieve these goals we'll need volunteers of all kinds. I've been in touch with several members already to assist with planning and preparation. But members wanting to get their boats ready may be grateful for a helping hand. Want to get involved in a build? volunteer! Want to crew on a Wharram? Volunteer! I'll also want to hear from builders who need assistance, skippers who'll need crew.

Write to pcajubilee@pca-seapeople.org We'll set up a system to put skippers and crew together, builders and builders helpers over the next couple of months.

On a much different note - Spam and viruses spread by e-mail have been increasing exponentially. I/we get dozens of e-mails a day with suspicious contents which are discarded as a matter of course. However spammers/hackers/generally not nice people are getting trickier and trickier. One example of this is faking an e-mail address that I/we recognize as a PCA member. What to do? Policy is treat certain types of e-mail as corrupt and check with a virus checker. If a virus is found the e-mail is discarded. "Fascinating Dave" I hear you say but what does it have to do with me? Well if you submit an article, with a virus (unbeknownst to you) attached, it will be deleted without being read. So to get to the crux of the matter — If you've sent an article by e-mail in the last 6 months and haven't seen it in the magazine, please tell us! We try and acknowledge all contributions promptly.

Caio, Dave

All members submitting articles for submission to the mag, will be entered into a drawing at the AGM. Prizes will consist of PCA clothing/burgee/items that have been presented in the money saving column for that year.

Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Office or electronically to
pcatxt@pca-seapeople.org (for articles, simple txt is best, .doc is fine also)
and pcapix@pca-seapeople.org (for pictures or drawings) .jpg format preferred (others less so)
(pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300Kb please)
(please keep transmissions to 500Kb or less, 3 x 300Kb files are easier to transmit/receive than 1 @ 900Kb)

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Tales of Taraipo John Jameson Tangaroa I

TALES FROM A FIFER SINCE 1980

It seems from the media that epic Round the World Journeys are in fashion! Many families with kids take off for a year. One Fifer sailing round the world on his 35 foot Wharram catamaran and now in Venezuela has met families from France, New Zealand, South Africa, Trinidad & England.
John Jameson set off in September 2002 from the Algarve in Southern Portugal to cross the Atlantic. First he sailed for the Canaries with a crew of 2 & there he saw the boats taking part in the ARC (Atlantic Rally for Cruisers) to Antigua.

The next stop was off Africa for Christmas & the deep, rough waters of the Cape Verde Islands. From there with a new crew he set sail for Brazil but was dismasted in a gale 6 days out from the mainland. He made his way to port under jury rig & once there bought a Brazilian lamppost for a mast.
Then John sailed for Tobago where he spent 1 month enjoying windsurfing in the islands blue lagoons. Next stop was Trinidad for 3 months & the necessary repairs out on the hard & a new arrangement for the lamppost now stepped in an aluminium sleeve. Some work came his way on a local yacht with people who wanted to learn how to go ocean cruising. He even took a Trinidad family for a sail with the kids swimming from the catamaran & having a picnic & also sailed with a South African on his smaller version of the Wharram catamaran.

Leaving Trinidad John sailed offshore for the remote beaches of the islands off Margarita in Venezuela & more windsurfing. He had a tricky moment trying to make out moving lights in his path but after making a radio call he discovered he was speaking to a tug captain from Aberdeen towing a rig.

Beautiful as the scenery was off these isolated beaches he soon missed people & sailed to a port in the south east of Margarita. He'd had to stand offshore to avoid bandits guarding a cargo of drugs with guns. Even life in the anchorage of the Miami style port in Margarita was far from safe from bandits out to steal outboards & rubber dinghies who tried to board with knives at the ready. All night 3 boat watches were kept with the decks lit & a flare gun in each hull. Sleeping on deck on the trampoline on guard was a frequent & necessary nightly occupation.

So John moved on west to the ports on mainland Venezuela where he found fishing boats & a festival of the sea. Now in a marina in a canal at a holiday complex he continues to paint & varnish as fast as the hot sun burns it all off again. He says he can only work from 6:30 till 9:00 in the morning due to the high humidity. He's held up at the moment because someone has mislaid one of his ship's papers. But the time will come when he can explore more offshore Venezuelan Islands & then make for Bonaire in the Dutch Antilles & Aruba & so on to the Gulf of Damien, the Panama Canal & into the Pacific Ocean.

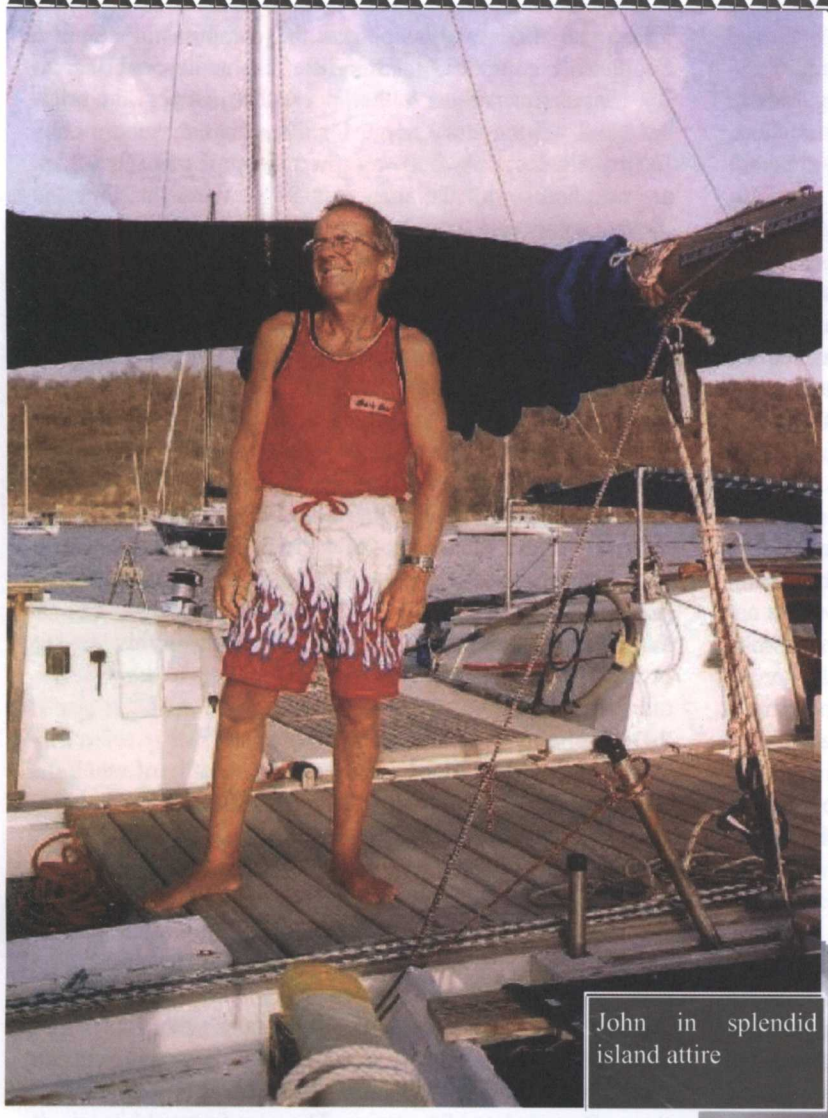
John had had a health scare in the 1970's & 80's but a major operation sorted that out enabling him to now make this trip. After being made redundant in 1996 he set up his own business as a sailing coach/trainer & has worked in the Far East, the Caribbean, the Med & even Thailand & the remote Pacific Islands of American & Western Samoa. He says he will not sail as far south as New Zealand but may go across to Northern Australia & the Great Barrier Reef.

John now needs to find a crew to do the Pacific. If you are free & feel like a sailing adventure email John Jameson on Hotmail at sailjj@hotmail.com & help him to complete the next leg of his Voyage Round the World.
23/10/03 – Judy Jameson

Tortuga 1 November 2003
I have been thinking that rather than waiting until I retire from the sea I could write now using biro & lined paper.
I think that I have some interesting & unusual stories to tell both fiction & non-fiction. I would prefer to write more clearly & stylishly but I am having to write standing at the chart table bracing my elbows against the occasional wobble from side swell rolling around the end of the coral spit which protects this anchorage at the NE end of Islas Tortuga.
In my left hand I am holding a dying small electric fan that is essential for the prevention of dripping sweat! I run the fan all night in my bunk space to keep cool & keep off the mosquitoes! This is the first time that they are really bad so I have installed mosquito netting on all the portholes & hatches.
It is 9pm, temperature 30 degrees, humidity is 80%, wind NE4!
The fan has died so I'll have to try & repair it!
1030pm. Now small car fan repaired but needs replacing, maybe in Bonaire?
People must wonder what I do all the time!
Well the heat reduces one's capacity to do anything by approximately 50%
I repair and/or maintain one or two things per day.
Today I woke up at 3am to a red warning light above my bunk concerning an electrical discharge fault. I traced this to a large, square fuse holder that has crystallised & is breaking up. I've soldered the wires as a temporary measure!
One of the spurs to getting me writing is that a recent acquaintance from France gave me a pile of paperbacks in French to get me reading again after 30 years of abstinence! I have read 4 of the books so far!

Curacao 15 November
November & December are the best months for cruising the SW corner of the Caribbean. Other times it can be horribly rough so I am trying to keep moving west little by little.
16 November, Sunday Night — Spaanse Wasser Curacao
Yesterday I took a free minibus from Sarifundy's Marina & Dinghy Dock to a supermarket to discover that it's not more expensive than your UK prices & I can use my Visa! Pm

Tales of Taraipo John Jameson Tangaroa I



John in splendid island attire

bussed into the town of Willemstadt to search for the Immigration Office to check in. Gorgeous wee city divided by waterways with lifting & ancient floating bridges. Loads of fresh vegetables neatly stacked Dutch style & dozens of Venezuelan fishing boats 100 miles away from their homeports selling direct from their foredecks!

Willemstadt had a happy, smiley population, a big ethnic mix with a nice atmosphere of Spanish, Dutch & English languages. Very prosperous with lots of tasteful Dutch architecture!

19 November 2003

Struggling to get writing again, but I must as there's so much to tell!

' How to steal an outboard engine?' A 78 year old Swiss single-handed sailor had his dinghy & outboard stolen while at anchor in Moshina National Park, Venezuela despite the fact that he had 2 dogs on board!

"This is how they did it JJ!"

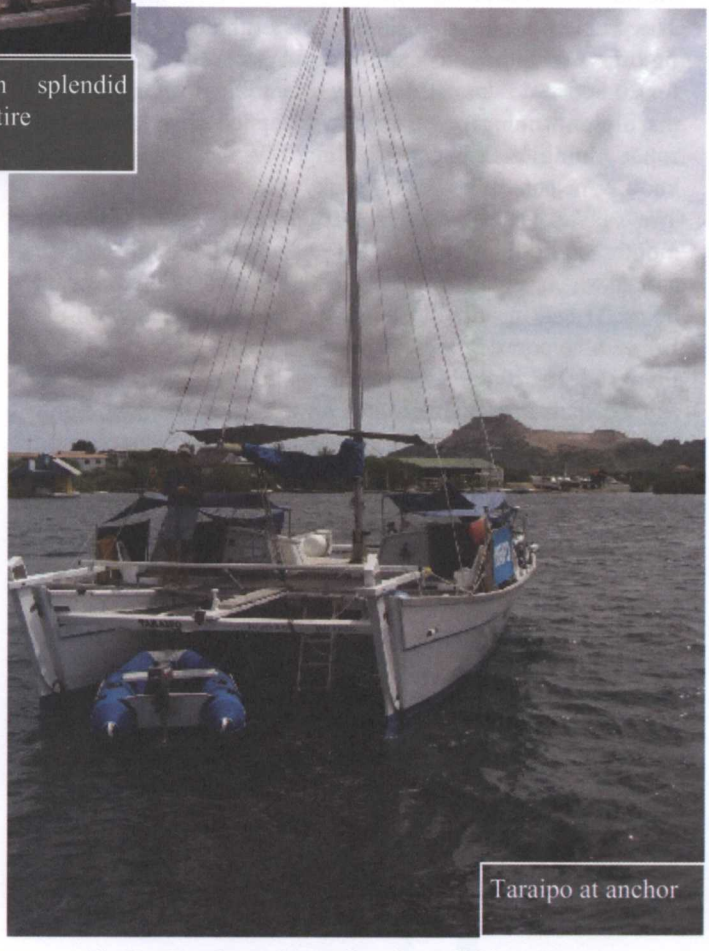
"They were a team of 2. One swam out with a thin fishing line & attached it to the dinghy, then cut the painter underwater. The colleague hauled on the fishing line & the swimmer glided quietly away underwater! The dogs heard nothing & smelt nothing! The thieves then removed the outboard & let the dinghy (for which there is no market) drift away!"

Puerto La Cruz was brilliant in that I had fresh water for free so had a shower rigged on the mast & the luxury of showers 'a-go-go' especially at midnight on the foredeck in the moonlight before turning in!

Here in Spaanse Wasser it's like Salcombe in the tropics with lots of Dutch families sailing a wide variety of European sailboats from their holiday homes & sailing clubs!

Teeth! I took advantage of a free Colgate promotional check-up I heard about on the 'Net' at Peurto La Cruz. The dentist was a nice lady in a very modern surgery with all the latest 'gizmos' in downtown Peurto La Cruz & guards in every entrance with the biggest 'shooters' you have ever seen in your life! Anyway she checked all of my teeth & they are fine apart from one broken filling! She offered an appointment to repair it but wanted 60 US dollars to do the job. No, I told her! I'll find somewhere cheaper in Columbia maybe!

The 'Net' is on VHF Channel 7mz at 8am every morning in Trinidad, Margarita & Peurto La Cruz. It is run by the yachts on a voluntary basis & gives daily info about 'Security Problems', 'Local Busi-



Taraipo at anchor

Tales of Taraipo John Jameson Tangaroa I

nesses' (from manicures to anchor galvanising) & 'Social Events' (film shows, Mexican Train Dominoes, Bridge).
'Treasures of the Bilge' is the best bit where yachts trade or give away spare equipment (sails, computers, anchors, windlasses, pumps, paint, epoxy, solar panels &/or windvanes).

20 November
I've solved loads of problems here! I have at last worked out a method of using my webbing mast ladder on the mast that has no track allowing the ladder & me to spin round. So now I can check the rig easily without having to ask crews from other yachts to winch me up in the Bosun's Chair to gain height for 'eyeball' pilotage in coral reefs steering with the Auto helm remote control!
A very knowledgeable Dutch neighbour, a marine engineer, has helped me to finally trace the reason for the engine suddenly going slowly (1000 revs) at the most inopportune moments like when struggling off the beach in a lee-shore anchorage which is a tense moment at the best of times when single-handed & without a nice 2nd hand Moyle, small, light windlass! I haul the anchor chain by hand, hook into a 'chain hook' on a 8mm line led to the mast tabernacle when I tire. But as soon as the anchor breaks out I have to haul like crazy to get the anchor well clear of the bottom & any coral heads, hook in the chain then sprint aft, put the engine in gear, steer when the way comes on & con my way out, squinting at the depth sounder which is 5 metres away on the other side of the boat!!!
The problem has existed since I bought the boat & with my first crew of father & daughter from Scotland, we motored for 20 hours at 2 knots! Anyway the problem was a valve in the diesel-priming pump that had popped apart & needed super gluing back together! Bingo! We can now do 6.5 knots & be sure of power for tricky manoeuvres!
The Navtex has suddenly started receiving again after months of fiddling with the internal battery & the 'active' aerial which got a seawater bath on its' printed circuit board. (I had installed it in a stupid place! It is now on the front of the port doghouse!)
I have been writing this as it comes into my head!
My wee pals are leaving today, always a sad moment, but it spurs me on to get moving again! Two 25 year olds on 'Korma' met up a year ago in French Guyana. He was teaching sailing & renovating an old 9.50 metre GRP yacht. She was teaching dance. They pooled their minimal resources, launched the boat & headed for the Caribbean. Like two others, aged 27, aboard 'Thorlac' they are having their life adventure now rather than waiting until they are old & grey as are most of the World Cruisers!
Above my chart table, cut from a card sent a year ago, is a message 'I'm sure that you'll be marvellous & you won't come unstuck! But I wish you 18 swimming pools jam packed full of luck!' Then I have 5 cards on display & my favourite is 'Working Boats Racing' (Cornwall)' by Richard Tuff, a Birthday Card!
As Hotmail has changed their address book system I have asked that this story be put on the computer at home in Scotland & edited out for the different 'audiences' of family, friends, magazines & the papers. I'll just post the original hand written story home for Christmas & keep a copy for myself. I'm only halfway through my film so that there are no photos with the story sent to Scotland this time but maybe some can be found to go with the latest Taraipo Tales from the original 90 which were sent in the autumn via an English family returning to Bristol. I'll wait for the story to be emailed back to me in the New Year 2004 so that I can forward it to the 100 people in my Hotmail address book.
I hope that children, married couples, single persons, the over 50's, the retired & magazine readers throughout the UK & USA will enjoy this next chapter of my voyage taking me West after the Panama Canal where I'm due to pass through around 4 January 2004. Then maybe up to Costa Rica before crossing the Pacific Ocean. Next stop the Galapagos? We shall see!
Will I be single-handed across the Pacific as on this last leg or will I have a new crew to join me?

2 December 2003 Curacao
Writing about the actual weather is not usually of much interest to the reader. However today it is 'dreich' here in paradise!
For the first time since a landfall in Brazil, without charts, when it rained continuously for 12 hours without any wind, we are in the roughest part of the Caribbean. I am hoping to get to San Blas before the strong NE Trades kick-in again as it is now blowing 15-20 knots!
Taraipo is loaded down to the gunwhales with 'free' water from the heavens. The 'boy' is super clean as is his current wardrobe of 4 pairs of swimming trunks, shorts, T-shirts & the mattress covers & curtains. The new forward biminis or canvas awnings make great water catchers that fill the large plastic laundry buckets bought in Madeira.
I am waiting for Hans, an electronics 'whizz' on the yacht next door to come to do a final check on my electric charging circuit which seems to be overcharging by 15.5 volts! That could have killed my one-year old battery from the Canaries that was made in Manchester! I still cannot get my brain round the relationship between Amps & Volts even though I read a wonderful book every time before bedtime! Electricity is definitely not like water! I nearly blew away the regulator of the old solar panel while attempting to assess how many Amps it charged at 2.8 using my multimeter. Fortunately there are 2 fuses, both of which blew in that circuit! What I do now understand is that if I switch everything on like the fan, CD, Navtex, GPS, navigation & masthead lights, depth sounder, log, Auto-helm, cabin lights & the gas alarm, we use about 6 Amperes, 10 hours per day when there are no clouds & 'no stay' shadows! So it is a constant juggling act to prevent 'deep cycling' the batteries, in other words letting them drop below 11.5 Volts or resorting to the engine alternator which charges at a maximum of 20 Amps per litre of diesel. A litre of diesel will take me 10

Tales of Taraipo John Jameson Tangaroa I

miles! We also have the use of the Honda EX7-Generator that produces 6 Amps if we are really pushed.

After that it is the paraffin galley lamp, which is very hot or a rusty hurricane lamp bought in the Cape Verde Islands for use as a riding light that was compulsory in Mindelo Harbour

4 December & I am looking forward to being at sea again with no clothes, no people, just me, Taraipo and the good Lord!

8 December, I am at sea 45 miles West of the Island of Aruba, an independent nation no longer part of the Netherlands Antilles that is strongly protestant with loads of church symbols on the chart.

Wow! The first 24 hours at sea were desperate! I always feel depressed on leaving harbour after a long stay of 3 weeks. I do not fix a departure time or day I just leave when there is no reason to stay any longer!

So this time at 3 pm I hauled the dinghy aboard, started the engine, hauled up the boarding ladder with it's man overboard quick release lanyard which is easy to reach from the water & up-ed anchor.

There is no specific preparation for going to sea, the main sail cover is still on & the jib is still in the locker. So it's all a bit chaotic & I am not sure of anything to do with the engine, the charging or the rig, all of which have been modified. Then we are suddenly out on the ocean wave, on a lee shore and it's going to be dark in 2 hours time so we had better 'lash up & stow' then prepare some navigation.

The first 24 hours at sea are pretty hard no matter what the conditions!

First you get your sea legs, then you get used to being awake most of the time & eventually the boat gets sorted out. I am pretty chuffed really as all of the important repairs are OK! The diesel priming pump, the alternator regulator, the mast rake, the mainsail hoops & the hatch fastenings are all OK. The engine now has full power for the first time since I bought the boat. She will do 6.5 knots instead of a measly 3.5 knots & the gearbox no longer slips!

The next day was excruciatingly hot with no wind & a temperature of 33 degrees! I spent the day hiding from the sun, drinking water & doing the minimum to keep the boat going the right way by dozing from time to time! I went for a dip in the fabulously clear, bright blue water to check the underwater Speedo impellor despite the fact that half an hour earlier, when I had chucked back a dead flying fish, something big grabbed it as soon as it landed in the water! There were lots of small fish as I was snorkeling round the hulls tied to the boat with a floating line! It was very cool & I had the first good wash in ages!

Today was your total contrast with a light SW breeze & torrential rain! All the tanks are full again & we are so clean! It is cooler now, 29 degrees, so we can work all day on maintenance & further necessary modifications! If you take a boat to sea regularly bits wear out, chafe or get broken! The challenge is to keep the ship operational & seaworthy!

13 December, day 7 of the passage from Curacao to the San Blas Islands & still solo! The second of two glorious days at sea! The boat is perfectly clean after a torrential squall & I am truly clean after a shampoo in a thunder & lightening show! Can thunder make you deaf I wonder? So JJ Takes on Thunderstorms!

In the tropics they cannot be avoided! From Venezuala's offshore islands you can witness an amazing thunder & lightening show every night over the distant mainland. I was caught in a 'humungus' thunderstorm in Los Aves! At 3am all hell broke loose! Some boats with navigation lights on motoring to their anchors were weird & scary! Others had chain hanging from their chain plates into the sea as lightening conductors! That same night 5 yachts were hit by the same lightening in the Curacao anchorage! They say that 'lightening never strikes twice! But 2 of them lost all of their electrics & electronics! Fortunately their insurance paid up OK! One took the strike down the mast through the saloon table drinks locker, blowing all the beer cans & passed out through the keel! I cannot be sailing around with chain over the side every night so I hope that I do not get a direct hit!

22 December Isla Blanedup, Hollandes Cays, San Blas, Panama

I have just finished reading my first novel in 35 years that was given to me in Cayo Borracha, off Puerto La Cruz, a stunning anchorage approached through a gap in the granite cliff face.

In Curacao I met up with a crew of two, one of them was a famous old Polish guy who has lived on yachts that he has built since 1974. They are currently sailing & chartering a 30' foot cat with 6 divers aboard. They would be a great crew for the Trans-Pacific being very keen on the sailing & being at sea. Another all sailing person gave me a bread recipe & bought me some yeast. The first two attempts have not been brilliant, used lots of precious gas & singed my best non-stick pan all for a small bit of dough burnt round the edges!

I have just been ashore for the first time in 2 weeks & paddled to the beach on my windsurfer where it is best not to take the skeg! There I found fabulous coral sand just like on Penfret in the Glenans Islands, Brittany but finer! The islands are covered with dense vegetation & coconut palms!

Wow! It's a black week this week out on the water! There is no moon. It's 1am & the weather is very 'mausade' or 'dreich' with no more than 2 miles visibility since I arrived 2 weeks ago. The wind is NNE blowing 10-20 knots night & day with thundering surf on the outer reef about 500 yards ahead of me! There is no rain to fill up my laundry & boat washing buckets!

It is certainly a lot cooler now & with only a T shirt on it is cooler than with shorts!

From Peurto a Cruz I had been desperate to escape to sea once more back in November. I think I made the correct decision at that time but I regret to say that sneaking away did not feel like a joyous farewell to my several friends & acquaintances!

And now Christmas Eve is fraught!.....

To be continued-

Tama Moana Ben Mullett "Child of the Sea"

When we opened the package containing the study plans for "Child of the Sea" (Tama Moana—see opposite page) what emerged was a rare treat - I am an unashamed enthusiast for Wharram designs, and make no apologies because there are good reasons for my enthusiasm. Every engineering tool and practical sailing test at my disposal has shown me that Wharrams possess a unique balance of abilities.

This delightful design will really excel in trade wind conditions - with twin crab-claw sails, there is no shortage of power, and the easily driven hulls and low windage will conspire to confound onlookers, as the first tiny "Melanesia" did when raced against Lasers and the like. That still makes me chuckle.

Crab-claw sails were found to be the most effective workboat sail in an extensive practical study by the learned Professor Tony Marchaj. They use vortex mode to augment lift in the same way as the unsurpassed Concorde aircraft does when landing. Crab-claws generate disproportionate power for their size.

The high angles of attack used by Concorde approximate to those of sails on cruising boats - and vortex mode can yield up to three times the lift coefficient of conventional sail flow. Imagine that the crab-claws are three times larger - do you get the picture now? Once again JWD have re-written the rules for ocean-going; informed by an ancient voyaging heritage.

Tama Moana might seem impractical at first sight - but on further study the careful design features coalesce into a harmonious whole. This is by any standards a light craft for its size, which reduces building material (and repair) costs, and the light weight ripples through the design in a virtuous circle that reduces the size of rig, fittings and tackle, further reducing expenditure and the effort needed to sail.

Although light, Tama Moana will still carry 1.5 tons of payload. This is plenty for deep water cruising if one is careful. Our Pilgrim (Tiki 30) is rated to carry a bit less than a ton, but we are still on our marks after some years afloat - mind you, it does help to use a watermaker on long trips - even a miserly four pints a day adds up to around 120lb (15 gals) for a month, per person.

With four large bunks one can envisage a crew complement of four being very comfortable together, each having their own space to rest, and in bunks just big enough to take two if they are close friends! We find that padding the side of our hull allows us to roll apart to stay cool - unlike a shore-side bed where the last inches of mattress tend to deposit me on the floor if used in earnest.

The 'low' headroom (by conventional standards) is no disadvantage - one only needs enough space to sit up or lie down, and at anchor (or on a sandbank up an estuary) the hatches lift to connect to a vast deck tent - ideal in calmer climes. A lower profile mountain tent would be appropriate in fresher weather. ►►►

News from Sea People

RHODE ISLAND

The Russells have offered to co host an August PCA meet with us here in Rhode Island. You had offered to make snail mail contacts for us to old lapsed members and also to current members who might live near enough to attend and I hope you will be able to do that for this meet. Some of the people who came to the Florida meet drove over 450 miles to attend! Some were lapsed members who decided to rejoin or would contact others about doing so. Gene Perry was one who said he would call all his old friends who dropped out and make them renew membership before the next Florida meet and that is why he will be co hosting that next meet with us. I hope to add about 5 members then.

Ann (Clement)

FLORIDA

The meet at Palm Coast, Florida was excellent. I am sure Bill Tait will be sending you his digital photos showing us all decked out in our PCA prize shirts and pennants.

We have acquired two new members. One is a rejoin after several years and the other is a newcomer who nearly bought plans for a Tiki 46 so that shows enthusiasm.

The warm weather drove some of us into the pool including Bill's girlfriend Larissa (Dotsenko) who looked quite nice in her bikini. There were good conversations about boats and everything else going on all the time aboard our boat, poolside, in Bill's house, etc. The Russel's dog fell into the pool twice so he got an entertainment prize for that.

Nev and I really enjoyed meeting everyone and we intend to gather mini PCA meets all along the USA East Coast. They are fun to organize and we liked the people.

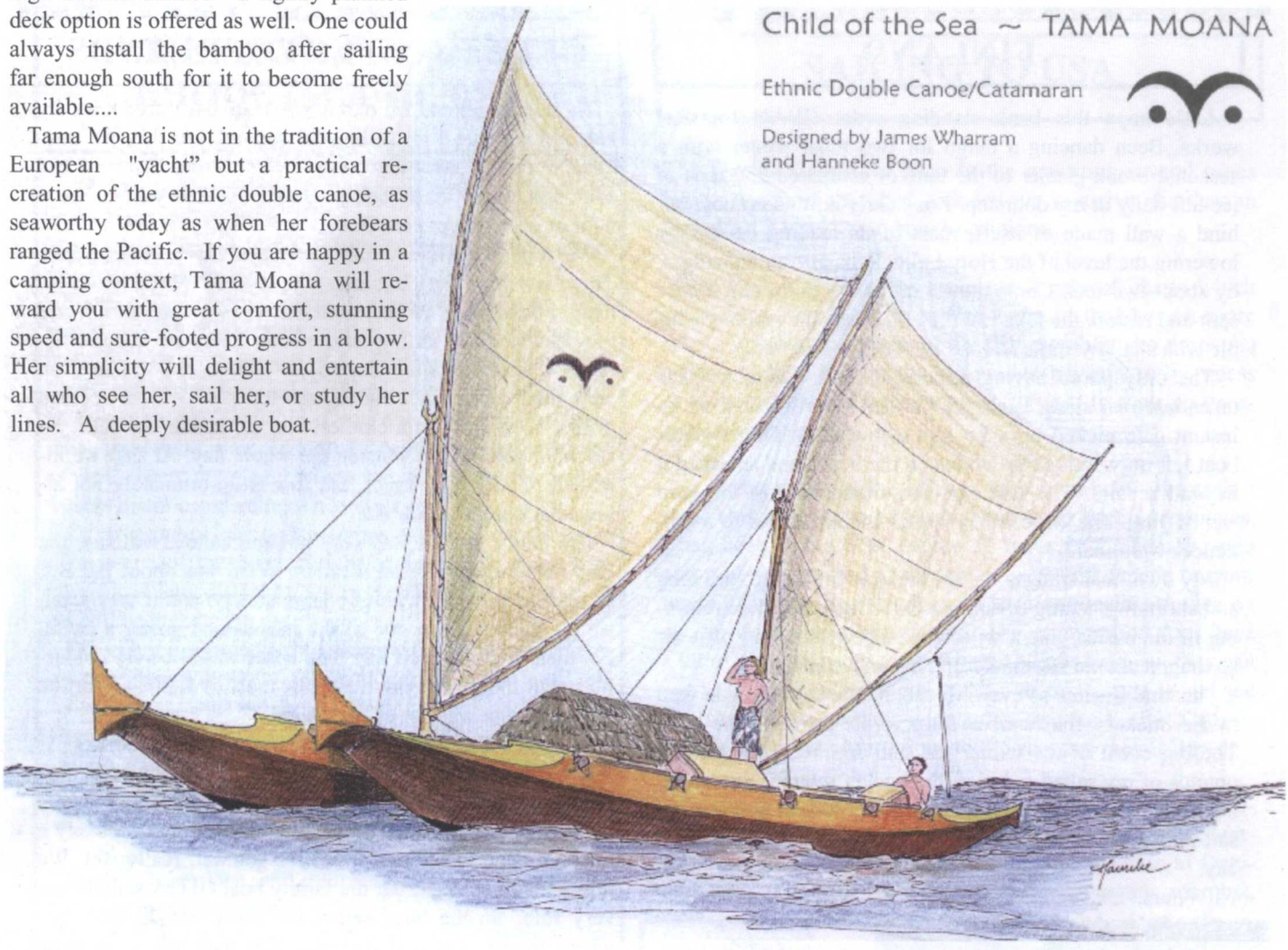
The people in the picture, from stern (left) to bow (right) are: Bill Tait's dog Beaufort, Frasier Martin, Nev, Larissa, Bill, George deFabio, Heather and John and Ian Russell, Gene Perry. I held the camera. Bill will be sending the picture to the pix address once he gets some problem sorted with the computer.

The gifts/prizes were distributed with Frasier getting longest distance travelled, Bill and Larissa for being such great hosts, George for nearly buying plans for a 46 , and Ian for entertainment... fell in the pool twice. There was no way to give any recognition for prize winning weather, but we had it.

Love, Ann (Clement) ►►►

The deck itself can be made of bamboo slats covered with bamboo matting - this is a wonderfully strong, light and natural high traction surface - a lightly planked deck option is offered as well. One could always install the bamboo after sailing far enough south for it to become freely available....

Tama Moana is not in the tradition of a European "yacht" but a practical re-creation of the ethnic double canoe, as seaworthy today as when her forebears ranged the Pacific. If you are happy in a camping context, Tama Moana will reward you with great comfort, stunning speed and sure-footed progress in a blow. Her simplicity will delight and entertain all who see her, sail her, or study her lines. A deeply desirable boat.



News from Sea People

FINLAND

Let's hope this bank standing order (IBAN transfer) works. Been dancing a tango for two most winter with a seasonal brook glacier to the tune of estimated 250 tons of ice left daily at my doorstep. It is nearly bottled up now behind a wall made of itself, most of its feeding cut off by lowering the level of the Holy Lake, Pyhajarvi in the vulgar, by about two feet. Come thaw I move the cabin to a higher spot and restore the lake lest the Old Ones, the summer people with shallow wells and the EPA come after me.

The only photo having remotely to do with boats was taken last year along Tana, the Mother River. Next noon, an instant gale picked up a 20 foot plywood-on-timber riverboat left un-weighted by stones on the beach and smashed it beyond repairs. The tent and everything else in the yard went flying. The wide valley wind tunnel narrows to a bottleneck right there.

My own boat trudges on, on the drawing board, growing and shrinking, taking off in new directions, and then returning to the basics, like a wild wine. I been thinking of it for so long, it should start materializing any minute now.

T he land is same as ever. Moose, hare and ptarmigan feed in the thickets, fox, wolf and wolverine prowl in the hills. The big event of the winter was the ermine, who stole 20 pounds of my salted fish, left the bucket though. Soon after I did not see his tracks no more. I expect to find him dead of salt poisoning in the spring. Too bad, he kept the moles at bay.

All Yours, Olavi Harkonen

UK

Apologies to Poole area members for under-reporting their activities. I have regularly made way to allow other events to be reported in the SeaPeople. Boats on Poole Harbour are Kentiki (Tiki21), Madgic (Tiki26), 2 Amigos (Tiki26), Harmony (Pahi26), Fire Dragon (Tanenui), South Seas (Tangaroa1), Ben-Tiki (Tiki39). There is something going on almost all the time so just make contact with any of us and get to join in, especially with the measuring and recording of performance of the different rigs and boats here. Social meet on 21st Feb'04 was attended by Paul Barnett, Ken Hook, Michael Taylor, Nigel Dyer, Angeline Crook, Antoinette & Robert Young, Alex Crook from left to right in photo & Anita Hook taking photo. On water meet 1st May'04 to 3rd May'04 was attended by Madgic, 2 Amigos, Kentiki & Fire Dragon (maiden sail - Launch & sail articles/photos to follow from Robert).

GERMANY / NETHERLANDS

The long weekend from 28.05 – 01.06.04, I used with my son and his friend for sailing in Holland. For this, we travelled to the "Veluwesee/Veluwemeer". From here you can even sail to the "Ijsse/see/lIjsselmeer" so that you can have a lot of miles under your boat.

We took the HITIA into the water, at a campground. There is a very, very big area with shallow water, about 1m deep. For the kids (9 years old), it is very safe to sail, and they have a good feeling on the boat. There are heaps of islands where we sailed around, or landed like "Pirates" in very small bays, even big enough for a HITIA 14. We had drinks, food and swim clothes with us, inside the hulls. So we were able to stay outside the whole day. At first we intended to stay over night, but this is unfortunately not allowed at this particular site.

The first 2 days it was very hot and sunny, will say, the very best kiddies sailing weather. Wind was about 1-2 Bft, so that the boys were able to learn slowly, and if they want, we go anchoring on one of the islands and go for a swim. For them it was a good day. The water was also very colourful by all the surfers on it. But for most of them and for the Kite-surfers it was not enough wind.

Next day, the weather was changing. It became cloudy, and the wind started to blow up. In the beginning it was around 2 Bft and in the end good 4 Bft. Now, HITIA was in her element. With three persons on her she was probably a little bit deep in the water and we got wet, really wet. We now sailed very fast, but the family boat HITIA sailed even very safe. So the boys sailed for many hours, until they where totally wet and freezing. But they where in good mood and had a lot of fun with this very small catamaran.

Peter Weigel

FRANCE / MARTINIQUE

About the PCA Meet of Brest festival of the sea the contact is "TBA". What means TBA?

Betrand, sorry for the use of an ambiguous acronym,
***TBA** = **To Be** Announced—Editor*

Next Summer I'll be in Brittany in July and August to work on our Tiki46; so I hope to have contacts with other members coming to the Brest festival.

And if someones want to visit us they will be welcome (it's possible to camp on our piece of land).

Our Tiki30 is almost finished excepted the building of the two masts. I hope to be ready before our departure in order to launch her after our return next September.

Best Wishes. Bertrand and Marie-Hélène (Fercot)

News from Sea People

UPCOMING PCA MEET RHODE ISLAND, USA

PCA social gathering August 5, 6, and 7 in Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay.
Share ideas, view various Wharram Design boats, camp, sail, swim, explore, etc.

For those who come by boat, you will find us at 41.39.27 North and 71.26.81 West, which is within sight of the brand new East Greenwich, R.I. Municipal launching ramp (free) and beside forested Goddard State Park. There will be free moorings available if you phone Ann for arrangements, and there is ample roomfor well sheltered anchoring as well. There are plenty of boating interests in the area as well as historic and cultural activities.

Camp grounds are a few miles away or berth space aboard one of the boats can be arranged for those who must travel long distances, but PLEASE phone ahead so we will be prepared.

Please bring simple food to share with others but remember that there will likely not be any refrigeration available and all arangements will be informal.
There are nearby restaurants.

Bring appropriate clothing for the out of doors and please bring the boat or at least photographs and tales of your boat building and/or voyages.

There is bus, plane, and train service nearby and we can meet you by arrangement.

John and Heather Russell aboard their Oro - "Cool Change" can be reached at:
(770) 631-9174 or JS.Russell@earthlink.net

Ann and Neville Clement aboard their Tiki 46 - "Peace IV" can be reached at:
(401) 261-7816 or peacefour@pocketmail.com Study plans for all Wharram designs will be available to view on Peace and interested folks can order plans through Ann and Nev.

OPEN INVITE TO PEACEIV EAST COAST USA

Ann & Neville Clement would like to invite all interested PCA members and other Wharram aficianados to visit them aboard their Tiki46 as they cruise the US East Coast.

Best initial contact is with a brief e-mail message to them at peacefour@pocketmail.com to ascertain their cruising schedule. Phone contact may also be possible at their home in Rhode Island (401) 261-7816

SAILING TO USA

The Florida Keys have been in the magazine several times lately. A run of very bad luck led me to arrive chartless in Key West 3 weeks ago from Martinique.

Key West Biglet Marina gave me 2 sets of charts which cover from Key West up to Key Largo. I thus have a spare set - available on request to the first member who drops me a line - and the Keys is the last area to navigate in by guess & by god! It is worth pointing out 2 things to aspiring trans-Atlantic members:

- if you arrive in the USA in your own boat, you need a visa. This is not generally known, not even by US consulates. I had been to the USA maybe 30 times in the last 15 years and it never occurred to me that a visa could depend on your mode of transport rather than on your nationality. Arrive by air, no visa. Arrive by cat, visa. The immigration does have a bit of discretion and may give you a little time, but they can send you straight back out to Nassau or Havana to get the wretched visa. I must have looked so desperate, after a miserable passage from Martinique to Florida, that they relented!

- Unless you are really unlucky, the crossing from the Canaries or Cape Verde to the West Indies should be uneventful. Once there, outside the hurricane season (June to October, with July, August, September the dangerous months), sailing anywhere between Guadeloupe and Venezuela is, most of the time, a cat-friendly beam reach on Force 5 (The Trade Winds are a lot windier than most people imagine) on 1 to 1.5 metre seas. If intending to do an Atlantic circle, the natural route is to island hop, coast Cuba, cross from around Havana to Florida, then a varying stretch of USA, off to Bermuda or the Azores.

One will have got used to the steadiness of the weather in the South Caribbean - but the dividing line is Guadeloupe. There you are already into the alternating flat calms and gales of the Northern Caribbean. Guadeloupe has its typical blinding squalls that go from F2 to F7 in seconds. Nigel Calder's "Cuba, A Cruising guide" says, "it is generally a glorious downwind run from any point in the Eastern Caribbean to Cuba". That is typical of the gratuitous, indeed idiotic, comment of most pilot books. It is borne out by no one I have talked to. I was driven 800m off my planned course by gales, heading winds, currents, calms and my planned 3 week cruise in Cuba never materialised. Significantly, from Guadeloupe northwards you hardly ever see a sail. Keep up the good work,

Sincerely, Malcolm McFarlane

Bound for Brazil

Edo Berentsen Tangaroa I "Anak Mas"

"ANAK MAS": MAIDEN TRIP OF A HEAVYWEIGHT.

("ANAK MAS" is Malay for "Sunday's Child", my nickname in a Japanese prison-of-war camp, and it should be admitted, rightfully so!)

In January 1996 I bought a James Wharram designed "Tangaroa' catamaran after my previous, and similar, type of wooden Polynesian ocean cat was destroyed by fire in the Canarian Islands. The previous owner, who did not trust the design, doubled all measures and a true heavyweight was the result. Bare hulls, her displacement was 3.5 metric tonnes (one too much) to which another two tonnes were added for the equipment and provisions needed for a long maiden trip. This made me the owner of probably the heaviest, slowest, but also the most stable "Tangaroa" ever.

It does not bother me. I love the sea, and if I want to be there fast I take a plane. Fast sailing boats, like my previous "Narai", need permanent attention, and have to be sailed and controlled continuously. I am too lazy for that, it makes me restless and as a single-hander I am poorly equipped for such exertions. When at sea I love to read books, listen to music, drift and dream, and consequently I am probably one of the few who thoroughly enjoyed the doldrums during my recent maiden trip of 4000 nautical miles from Mallorca in the Mediterranean to Brazil. Permanent trimming is useless on a heavily under-rigged vessel (so, one concern less) and laying-by for a siesta or baking some bread is sheer pleasure for me. Easy man, EASY!! So instead of an early retirement I take a 'sabbatical year' as often as my financial position allows me. Since my twenties it has always been my aim to enjoy as many statistical retirement years as possible. That is to say, during my professional life instead of after 65, the official age for retirement in the Netherlands. Besides that, sailing the ocean creates the much-appreciated manoeuvring room for my ambitious wife who wholeheartedly supports me with this un-orthodox life style. Everybody happy, and who is in a hurry?

FITTING OUT

My 'Tangaroa' was not only a heavyweight but also spartan and not equipped for long distance sailing. A thorough refit was inevitable, which has the benefit that the boat can be prepared according to one's own insights and cruising grounds, and that the wheel can be re-invented time and again. Because my hands cannot make what my eyes can see, rebuilding "Anak Mas" became a matter of benevolent and inexpensive friends and often costly (black) workers. Being torn between the kiss-formula (keep it simple stupid) and the temptations of modern electronics, I often fell for the latter, making the boat more expensive, and more vulnerable, than necessary. Stupid indeed!
Three months of sailing in the Med finished three electronic autopilots but my windvane self-steering system (the German "Windpilot Pacific") proved to be an excellent helmsman till the very last mile. The new electronic log never worked (that vulnerable paddle-wheel), but good old 'Walker' trailing log showed its mechanical precision, even after twenty years of use. The two wind generators and the two solar panels (mounted on the tillers) all look very sexy and are ecologically correct, but take a hell of a time to top-up my four batteries (2x 88Ah and 2x134Ah) or even keep them in working condition; despite the force of the trade winds and the scorching sun.
My old-fashioned kerosene storm lamp could not cope with the wind, but my Cat-eye bicycle blinkers - 100 hours of disco-flashes on 2 small AAA-batteries - were visible on a 6 miles distance according to a British navigating officer who called me on VHF and asked me if I was in distress. I fixed them to my rope stays with two meters intervening space and only the blinking is against the Collision Rules. For the rest, it's an excellent sign that you are restricted in your manoeuvrability and that is precisely what you are, sailing down-wind, wing-to-wing with the booms fastened. "Anak Mas" is fitted out with 2 Yamaha 9.9 hp. four-stroke outboard engines, which are totally unsuited for use in the marine environment. Trying to start them was always some sort of Russian roulette and the Yamaha engineer usually came on board before customs. A diesel engine with two hydraulic drives is now on the list. Lying becalmed in the doldrums with 100,000 tonnes of steel on a collision course requires a reliable engine. Praying that they would start never really helped. The transom-hung rudders (to my opinion a design fault) appeared to be vulnerable in marinas and are under enormous pressure when sailing on backstay courses. I backed them up with a Vetus hydraulic steering system, which worked very well: fingertip steering on all courses and in all kinds of seas. The position of my steering wheel always causes a sensation because it is placed athwart-ships, just like in the old-fashioned trams. It saves a lot of space in the cockpit and one gets used to it very soon.

As a shelter from the Dutch climate, she was fitted out with a beautiful pilothouse and a deep-lying cockpit with additional lockers. Excellent for short trips along the coast but a curse at sea. The pilothouse appeared to be a permanent 'sail' making it impossible to stop the boat, or manoeuvre her well in harbours. Difficult when waiting for daylight to make a landfall, and superfluous when sailing exclusively in sunny blue waters. Both cockpit and lockers turned out to be obstacles for a smooth passage of the waves between the two hulls. With thunderous blows the waves would crash into these "bellies" and subsequently work their way up between hulls and decks, leaving no dry spot on the whole boat. Not so much of a problem when making day trips, but being wet and salty for weeks during an ocean passage affects the skin and is fatal for the morale. Cockpit and lockers will go and an uninterrupted 'flush-deck' will be installed. My sails are tied to the mast with that beautiful 17-century system of ropes with small, wooden rolling balls. It permits reefing on all courses and wind speeds, and when anchoring under sail the main rushes down like on ball bear-

ings when the halyard is released. Over the nettings between the bows I installed three catwalks, which in fact are aluminium ladders covered with plywood. Easy to fix, safe, no corrosion, and when the ply is removed the ladders come in handy for work when she is hauled out. At last, I use an old braking parachute of a Jaguar fighter-bomber as a sea anchor or drogue in heavy weather. From an army dump, for 75 dollars.

MALLORCA - CANARIES

During the last twenty years, I usually sailed alone, but now and then I experimented with crew, which I often regretted. People get quickly bored at sea, develop space phobia, become seasick or intoxicated, or resort to otherwise irrational behaviour. Mateja, my assistant during a one-year project in Slovenia, proved to be the exception to the rule. She was strong, panic-proof, never seasick, an excellent cook, and only occasionally drunken when being ashore and just to work off the stress that sailing with me obviously induced. 'Anak Mas' had been transported from Holland to Mallorca as a deck load on a freighter and after having finished the paint jobs in Mallorca's pleasant climate we left in May for Ibiza, Formentera and further down to Gibraltar.

The Mediterranean is not my favourite sea. It is typically a sea for motor yachts or rowed galleys because there is either no wind at all or it blows like mad, and the choppy seas give the impression of sailing in a pan full of water, which is shaken by a giant, invisible, hand. I don't like the uncomfortably short wave period, the crowded and expensive marinas or the impertinent Spaniards who anchor too close for comfort with their ghetto blasters and their obvious disregard for privacy. On top of that, every Dutch yacht is suspected of smuggling drugs or illegal immigrants (unfortunately not without reasons, I must admit) so we were regularly searched by the Guardia Civil, the Coast Guard, the Aduanas or whatever other elite corps this police state still employs. They always came in the dark, unlit, their monstrous diesel engines growling like jackals closing in on a prey. Some four gorillas jump on your deck whom - I must admit - behave ultimately correct and some of whom even spoke English; unique for Latinos. If the ship's papers are correct they don't make a great fuss, shine with their torches in one locker or another, wish you a good journey and disappear. Especially in the vicinity of naval base Alicante we were frequently searched, developing cordial relationships with the, eventually familiar, crews.
After a sightseeing trip to Cordoba and Grenada with Mateja and a pleasant interim-holiday with Sacha, my wife, in the Extremadura, Anak Mas was hauled out in the (British) boatyard of Estepona, some 20 miles from Gibraltar. The underwater part had developed leaks and there was another laundry list of jobs to be done. After all it was a 'maiden trip', which in my case usually means one week of sailing followed by two weeks of working until the desirable has been reconciled with the (im)possible. The first job was to behead the pilothouse, which remarkably improved her manoeuvrability and I'll spare you the rest. Next to me a polyester speedboat went up in flames, but this time the wind blew to the right direction, i.e. away from me. I am more and more convinced that boats run their greatest risks hauled out ashore and not in the open seas. The weeks ashore were gruelling. During the day's temperatures of 40 degrees Celsius and during the nights an open-air disco till five a.m. After that the brawls of the drunken and stoned hope-of-the-nation and then back to work. In Gibraltar we caught up with the lack of sleep and after that motored through the Strait in a calm, to Cadiz, our jumping board to the Canarian Islands.

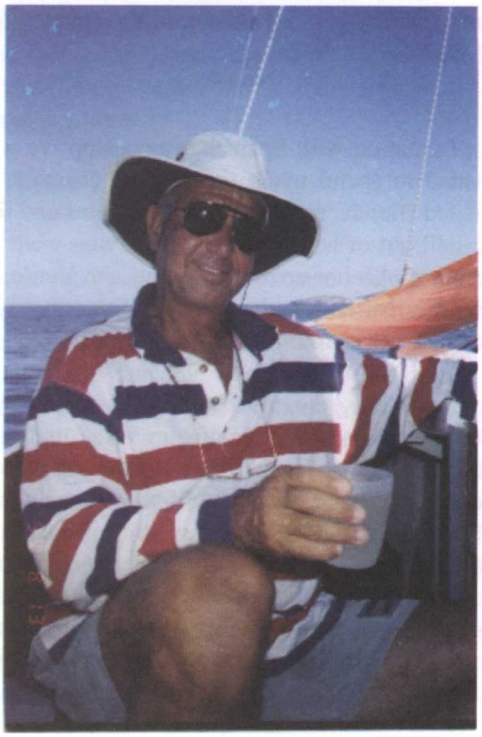
Close to Cabo Sao Vicente, the most Southern cape of Portugal we picked up the Portuguese Northerlies, the "Nortado" and with a Beaufort 6 at the back we headed south like running on rails. We made an average distance made-good of 110 nautical miles, which is not too bad for a heavyweight like 'Anak Mas'. I seldom sailed a yacht with greater course stability or as sea-kind as Anak Mas, and on all courses I could simply lash the tillers amidships, making the windvane virtually redundant. Seven days and nights we hardly touched the sheets or sails and fully enjoyed the pleasure of the ocean. Just one dissonance disturbed this rosy picture; a Spanish tanker, coming up astern, and changing course in our direction. To my utter bewilderment she came next to my starboard side on a distance of less than four meters, grinning machos over the railing, making obscene gestures to Mateja. As I sailed wing-to-wing- with fastened booms I could not bear off to port so we were slowly sucked towards that huge wall of steel. Suddenly she accelerated and turned hard to port cutting me off by crossing my bows, which missed her huge propellers by less than one meter. Totally shocked we looked at each other, bewildered, not understanding. The name of this pirate: Mv. "MENCEY", Santa Cruz de Tenerife.
Be aware!!

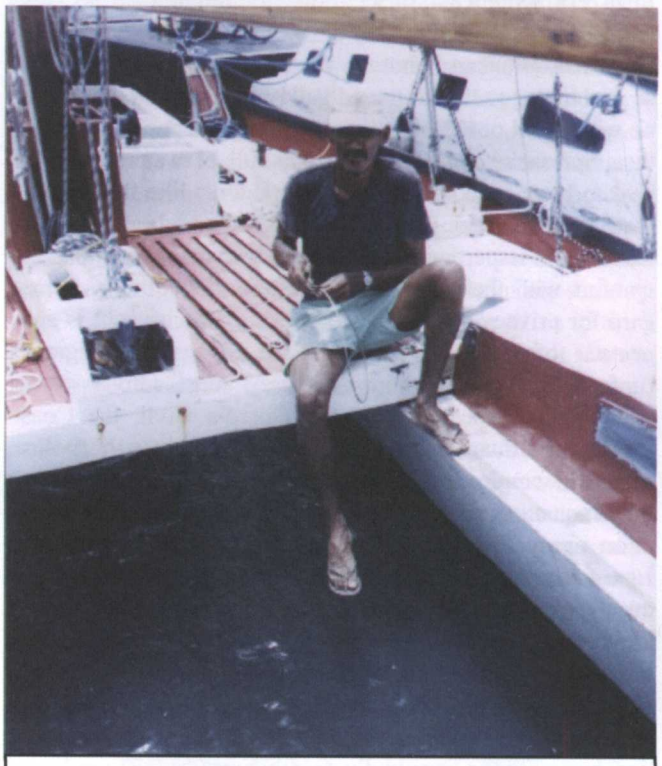
After this confrontation with Spanish seamanship we were hardly motivated to spend much time in the Canarian Islands. We visited friends, replenished the supplies and then "let's get the hell out of here", a favourite saying when we did not like a place. Anchor up and away to Cabo Verde, the trade winds in the rear and, as it turned out, on our way to the first serious gale that would hit 'Anak Mas'.

It always happens during the night. A hand that wakes you up, a flash of a torch, and Mateja's calm voice reporting: "Edo, I think something happened, we are grossly off-course". From a deep sleep I fight myself back to reality and stumble on deck. Anak Mas is lying still, is laying-by abeam (!) on a seething ocean. The five times reefed genoa is backed to port and the five times reefed main to starboard. Enormous waves with white crests roll in at an angle of 90 degrees. The wind generators howl with a high, shrieking and terrifying noise. But the first thing that strikes

me is the unreal, calm and impassive way in which Anak Mas takes this natural violence. The deck is dry and my empty coffee cup still stands upright on the table. The anemometer shows Bft. 8, occasionally 9, but 'Anak Mas' is heaving up and down like in slow motion. I check the rudders and find out that the steering lines of the Windpilot have been chafed through.. I am overwhelmed by a deep feeling of satisfaction and totally relaxed Mateja and I change the ropes. "Why don't we stay on like this", I ask. "It is so beautiful now!"

To be Continued -





Here's an archive picture of Edos' "swimming pool " during a refit in 200x. I always felt that B&W, plus my inexperience didn't do justice to the original. We may feature archival photos from time to time (as space permits). If there's a picture in one of the magazines from 2001 onward that you wish had been in colour, write to me editor@pca-seapeople.org or via the PCA office stating issue, page and description (if more than 1 photo on page) Dave (Ed)

Manatee Protection Tips for Boaters

When Boating:

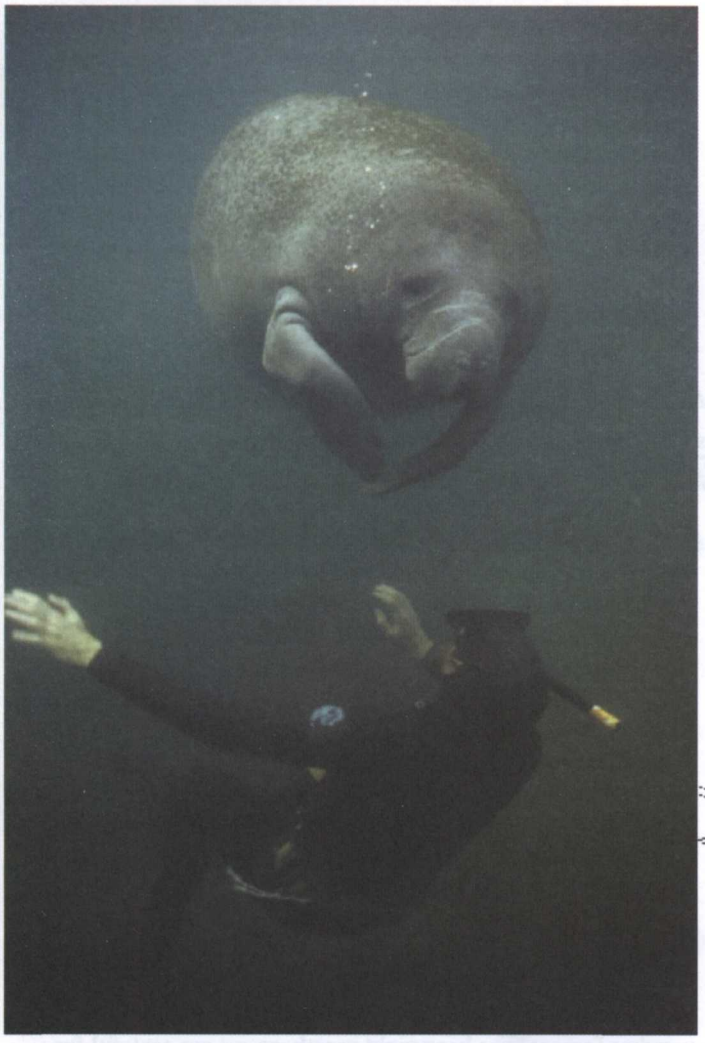
• Wear polarized sunglasses. They can help eliminate the glare of the sun and enable you to see below the water's surface.

• Stay in deep water channels when boating. Avoid boating over sea grass beds and shallow areas where manatees might be feeding. However, be aware that manatees also use deep-water channels when traveling.

• Look for a snout, back, tail, or flipper breaking the surface of the water. The motion of the manatee's tail also creates a swirl or flat spot on the water when it dives or swims.

• If you see a manatee when operating a powerboat, remain a safe distance away -- 50 feet is the suggested minimum. If you want to observe the manatee, cut the motor, but don't drift over the animal.

• Obey posted speed zone signs and keep away from posted manatee sanctuaries.



Stash Your Trash

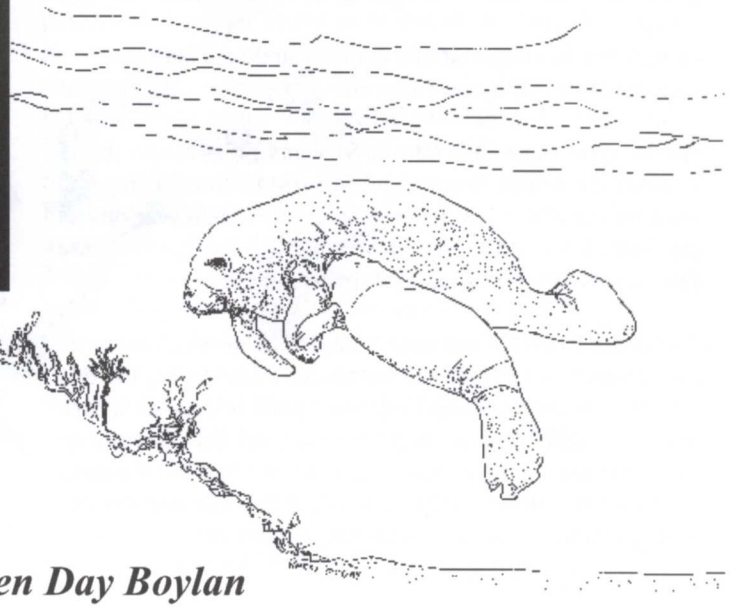
• Recycle your litter or throw it in a proper trash container. Debris in waterways, such as discarded plastic bags or six-pack holders, is dangerous to manatees and other forms of wildlife.

• Discard monofilament line or fishing hooks properly (better yet, recycle it!). Not only are they dangerous for manatees, other aquatic animals and swimmers, but discarding monofilament line into or onto the waters of the state of Florida is against the law.

Hands Off

• Resist the urge to feed manatees or give them water. Not everyone loves manatees and feeding them or giving them water could encourage them to swim to people who might harm them. Their natural feeding patterns may also be altered by encouraging them to "hang around" waiting for food or water. When hand-fed lettuce or water from a hose is no longer available, manatees may not know where to find or identify natural, reliable sources of food.

• "Look, but don't touch" is the best policy when swimming or diving. By quietly observing manatees from a distance, you will get a rare opportunity to see the natural behavior of this unique animal. Any other actions might be considered harassment, which is against the law.



Photos courtesy of US Fish & Wildlife Service

Sketch courtesy of Karen Day Boylan, US Fish & Wildlife Service

Karen Day Boylan

Manatees Ann and Nev Clement Tiki 46 "PEACEIV"

I think dolphins are universally loved for their great, leaping joy as they rush and seem to dance at the bows of our boats. But another mammal, with a quite different personality, is much loved here in Florida. This is the manatee.

I am trying to think of a way to describe the personality difference, and I guess I will say that if dolphins selected music to listen to it might be traditional jazz with a nice fast beat. A zippy tune with some lilting and joyful color in it like Scott Joplin. Manatees might go for a real slow basoon solo of mood music going nowhere or perhaps easy listening elevator music.

I went into the marina from this anchorage here in Titusville, Florida to do the usual e-mail, garbage, and grocery run, and on my way back wondered what was causing the ripples in the water right by the dinghy dock. I could see something quite large was wallowing just below the surface.

The water is just clear enough to see about two feet down, but I easily saw two manatees nose to tail slightly lifting and lowering themselves to breathe and just rolling a tiny bit in the water that was slightly warmer because of the shallows between the marina wall and nearby boats. Manatees have the full figure of the well fed and I cannot say their faces are much more than practical with a long and bendy nose that arcs up for air so they need not struggle to lift their heads. A fan shaped tail is at the other end.

Not much happens in the day of a manatee, but it seems to all lead to great contentment that infects the observer after a while. I found myself softly pleased as I watched them and they watched me for about a half hour.

A fellow later told me that they love fresh water and he has often watched boaters at the dock spray manatees with the hose and they come right over, roll onto their backs, open their mouths and drink in great quantities of fresh water. Signs say not to do this, but perhaps that is an attempt on the marina's part to save on the water bill.

They are a protected species here and the speed limits imposed on boats outside the canal itself seem to have improved the situation for them because their numbers are increasing again. Some careful observations have determined where they like to swim and hang out so those areas have been posted even more closely although some say much of the limitation has more to do with property owners wanting less damage from wakes than any interest in the manatees. Props are a real danger to such slow moving beasts who are hard to see right under the water surface.

We are just getting slowed down from the faster pace of boat building into the slower pace of cruising and I hope to take a lesson from the manatees and go WAY slower anchored in the shallow water where these manatees hang out. Just breathing and being together quietly seems to be enough for them. A good plan for us too.

Priced out of Paradise? Ann & Nev Clement "PEACEIV"

We have been enjoying nearly abandoned Bahamas anchorages since the government slapped huge customs duty on cruisers.

For visiting boats our size it went up from $30 in 2000 to $100 last year and a whopping $300 this year. As you would
expect, that has put a bit of a damper on things here and increased boaters' interest in cruising anywhere else instead.

All the anchorages here now have plenty of room and the marinas are nearly empty. Because of our foreign flag, we must be out of the US for at least 3 weeks each year or else pay hefty US import duty, so we had to come here because that was the most economic alternative for us.

Christmas Eve Day we used a day of calm winds to scrub the bottom while Peace sat out of the water during the low tide on a sandy beach and the boat speed is back to normal now. At Guana Cay we had very minimal but most enjoyable Christmas exactly one year since we left the Canaries to cross the Atlantic. PEACE is a much more comfortable boat now and sailing has gotten lots easier too.

With such empty anchorages, it is fun to lift the anchor under sail and sometimes conditions allow us to anchor under sail too. The winds clock around every few days and we just stay one step ahead so sailing is easy on a reach, frequent, and fun.

We are getting eager for a string of visitors so both guest rooms are now ready and we have positioned ourselves near Marsh Harbour and its airport. There are over a dozen anchorages for all wind conditions and many different activities within a 15 mile radius of here.

The morning cruiser's net is a volunteer VHF radio broadcast with weather, community events, commercial announcements, etc - even a boating trivia question. The weather forecast has been right mostly so we are grateful for that and listen every morning.

There is much for us to be grateful for this New Year. We send our best wishes to all our friends and family.

ENGINES - THE LOVE, HATE GAME

John Heath Tangaroa4 "Yin Yang"

Dave Brooman's article (Sea People no 55) has prompted me to tell you of our experiences. Since launching Yin Yang (Tangaroa IV) in 1984 we have had three engines and are shortly to install our fourth. Our experiences may be helpful to those who are still uncertain about which way to go.

Gill and I once analysed all the scary moments we had experienced since launching Yin Yang. Every one of them involved the engine. Either not starting when we needed it, fading in the same sort of circumstances (outboards) or just not powerful enough (diesel).

When we launched we had a 7hp air cooled Ducati sitting on deck with a long shaft a la SE Asia. This worked fine. We always arrived in good time and it seemed problem free but this was in the North Sea and the English Channel where we could always make use of the tides. Apart from the noise all seemed well. In 1985 we left for the Mediterranean, where we still are, via the Canal du Midi and the Ducati's performance was exposed for what it was. Our top speed was about 2 1/2 knots. That was alright, we were happy to potter through the canals but once we were in the Mediterranean it became impossible. Everything they say about the Mediterranean is true. Too much wind or not enough, that's a euphemism for none at all. But the countries surrounding it are magical which is why we put up with the lousy sailing. These complaints refer to passage making. It is possible to have lots of good sails if you want to day sail. There is usually wind in the afternoon that can be used but the rest of a 24 hour period will be dead calm. For a couple of years I kept a careful log of time spent sailing and time spent on engine. We used the engine for 80% of the time even though we would try to sail on the lightest of winds. On one occasion we left Capri for the Lipari Islands and we swore that we would sail the whole way. If the wind died we would wait for it to start again. We left Capri on a brisk and favourable wind which died just about the time Capri sank below the horizon. I can tell you that sitting motionless on a glassy, windless sea in the middle of an Italian August requires a special sort of temperament. We didn't have it. At last we caved in and started the engine. That 100 mile plus passage took us more than 40 hours, thanks to the Ducati, and there was not a breath of wind throughout. So engines assume more importance than they might elsewhere.

There were other problems. Finding your way into unfamiliar harbours after dark because the wind died 12 miles from port and it took 5 hours to do the last bit, loose bowel movements of trying to get into a harbour against a stiff breeze and the screaming engine just holding us on the spot. The last straw was when the engine died at the narrow entrance to Corfu old port which is long and narrow, about 50 metres wide. We beat all records for raising sails. The harbour is always crowded but nevertheless we sailed in. I don't think it had been tried before. It took a long while to live down our undeserved reputation as purists or poseurs depending on the speaker. The Ducati had to go. It was only years later that we learnt that a larger prop may have solved our problems.

So we bought a second hand 15hp Johnson. For a while we were happy and set off to spend a summer sailing around the Peloponnese. We got through the Corinth Canal and then it began to act up. It was that summer that we not only improved our ability to sail the anchor out and to anchor under sail but also how to Mediterranean moor (stern or bow to the quay) under sail and how to leave that wall under sail. We spent a lot of time waiting for the right wind and met a number of really nice Greek mechanics. One charged us next to nothing and gave us three litres of his own wine. It only happens in Greece. The summer ended with us waiting three weeks to complete the last 8 miles home to Lefkada. A favourable wind was essential - we had to sail up the Lefkada canal. We made it but our stress levels went off the scale. So the Johnson was ditched. We sold it for œ5. We wanted to cross the Aegean the next year and a reliable and strong engine was essential.

We bought an ancient 15hp Volvo. It was completely reliable but we never got more than 4 1/2 knots - the prop again I suspect. The only time it let us down was when a fuel pipe fractured just as we were about to enter the Lefkada Canal at night. A tiny fitful wind allowed us to ghost up most of the canal and we finished the summer's cruise under sweep power. I think we should all carry a sweep. Our's is 3.5 metres long and pushes us along at a knot. They are easy to construct and to stow and have other uses; supporting a large awning, untangling a halyard from halfway up a mast, poling off a mud bank etc. That was not the first time the sweep had got us home. But despite the Volvo's reliability it had to go. It was noisy (does anyone know how to really sound deaden an engine pod?), and because it was solidly mounted the whole boat vibrated. It was difficult to find a place on the boat where it was still enough to focus binoculars. Everything shook. Eight hours of that could have serious mental side effects. Most importantly it was becoming increasingly difficult to find spares.

Now we are in the process of an extensive refit and our brief was to have an engine installation that was quiet, reliable, powerful and didn't shake us to pieces, to make Yin Yang more comfortable (I will be 70 this year and I note a gradual change in priorities), make her lighter if possible and have a helming position that was shaded (not easily achieved on a Tangaroa). All this has led to increased beam, longer coach roofs, lashed crossbeams and rudders, a proper cockpit, (yes Ed, I probably will write it up) and another engine. We have more money these days so we bought a barely used Yanmar 3GM (why a barely used engine was on the market is another story centering about the old business of more money than sense.) We are going to buy a Sonic cat leg and fit that. What I've said above will give a flavour of how we came to this decision. We're sick to death of wondering if the engine will start or keep going, of creeping along over windless, glassy seas and worst of all, motoring when the wind has gone but left a short steep sea. If there is no wind we want to get to where we are going as efficiently as possible.

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We left La Paz and motored 25 miles north to Partida Island. On the way we saw a manta ray jump 5 times in a row like a salmon, but salmon don't do back flips. Immediately after anchoring the girls launched the small dinghy and went visiting. They went over to Doug's boat and drank beer. I met Doug at La Paz and he looks like a pirate; one eye, full gray beard, striped shirt, lots of stories. He was flying the beer banner and hoisting a mug when we went by him to anchor. Then the girls went over to the next boat and made $20 from a lady desperate for tampons and chocolate. They came back and made broccoli stir fry with peanut sauce.

In the morning Doug brought scones and drank coffee with the girls. One consequence of having young beautiful crew was a drastic improvement of my social life. Too bad they were all guys.

I wanted to go around to the north side and swim with the sealions but a strong north wind developed during the night. I asked how much the girls wanted to see the sealions and they said it didn't matter to them and they would much rather sail so we took off. The wind blasted us down to Banderas Bay in four days in fairly rough water. Laura had a good stomach but Esther was sick and queasy by turns for six days but she still did her tricks at the wheel, which impressed me. The girls were naturals at steering the boat and did their first night shifts without more than an hour of supervision. Esther woke up Laura and said, 'It was so easy!' They just listened to their music and fought the boredom.

I was going to a bird sanctuary but the girls were all excited to keep sailing. The next day was our first calm. I let the girls go for a swim. They squealed and clapped hands in delight. That was a typical reaction to anything they liked. They liked to make noise. I found it amusing most of the time. Never had anybody been so enthusiastic before. We motored through the day and told each other about our travels and showed where we had been on the atlas.

That night drifting thirty miles off Puerto Vallarta we had the first of many heart to heart discussions where the girls advised me on my love life. It was hilarious. The strategy by these young perpetual single women to get a girl is to be an asshole, so they advised me how to be an asshole and a jerk. They always loved guys who were aloof. They want the hot guys that don't want them or at least pretend so.

At Banderas Bay the clear air of the desert quit and the weather became uniformly hot and muggy with lots of haze. Clothes started to come off. The girls pretty much lived in their bikinis. They worked on their tans. Esther tanned very nicely but poor redheaded Laura just turned pink and developed more freckles. We got another wind off Cabo Corrientes, the cape on the south side of the bay, and we swept into Ipala just south of the cape on the fifth day, about a third of the distance to our jumping off point for the Galapagos Islands. Not bad.

We cleaned the dinghy and decks and then went ashore. After a walk on the beach (all 200 yards, Ipala is only a dent in the coast) we went to a restaurant on the beach. We had some beer and got touristy. The proprietress said the beers were seven and the shrimp dinner was 10. We had the shrimp dinner exclaiming how good the shrimp were and how good life was because it was cheap (10 pesos is $1). Those girls are even cheaper than I am. Lord knows how I love cheap women. When the bill came the beer was 7 pesos but the shrimp were 10 dollars! It was a shock.

In the morning, bright and early, we raised the anchor and the sails. The wind soon died after blowing hard all night so we motored and sailed alternately all day. We saw spotted dolphins under the bows twice (more clapping and shrieks) and some purple iridescent reflective spots in the water that we never did identify. Lots of jelly fish in places. The girls went for a swim and washed their hair with Joy soap; it lathers in salt water. We pulled into Chemela Bay right at nightfall. We didn't even get off the boat and set out for Tenacatita (To Knock Your Teeth Out) Bay early in the morning. Immediately the alternator belt broke and it took me an hour to replace it.

We anchored at Tenacatita in the early afternoon. I went to visit 'Bearfoot', a boat from Anchorage, Alaska and the girls rowed ashore and skinny-dipped in the surf all day. After my visit I snorkeled over to the reef to watch the fishes. Back on the boat I watched the girls through the binoculars to make sure they were all right. They were singing 'Titty Titty Bum Bum' Laura told me. It's a 'Tahiarii' crew original. They were rolling in and out with the surf ass over teakettle. I could hear their shrieks from three hundred yards.

We spent a few days there. Every time we took the small dinghy ashore it dumped us in the surf. I saw others try it and go flying as well. The girls lost the oarlocks and had to paddle back to the boat. I cussed myself for not anticipating the problem and tied the reserve set of oarlocks to the dinghy. It's these little critical parts that can really make life difficult.

The girls spent two days at an all inclusive resort hotel scamming free food and alcohol. The girls wanted to buy a drink at the bar after flipping the dinghy in the surf but the waiters just started handing them drinks. The staff either thought they were guests or didn't care. I don't think I would have received the same reception. They came back with deep pink sunburns from lying around the pool. I spent the time doing boat projects, swimming with the fishes, and visiting 'Winsome' from San Francisco. They let me stay for dinner; broccoli stir fry with fresh tuna. We had interesting discussions. All along the way I had talked politics with cruisers and found them universally cynical and pessimistic and deeply disturbed at American foreign policy. Jaye, Ms Winsome, made an interesting observation. She said that Alaskans are more optimistic because we can actually call the people in charge personally and affect changes where people in the States are much farther removed from power and universally think they can have no effect.

We motored across the bay to the village of La Manzanilla and dumped the dinghy in the surf. Sopping wet I took the bus to Melaque to use an ATM, buy more fan belts, and send email. Laura and Esther met a retired teacher who

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guided them around town and talked with them all day. In the evening Esther and I spied on people living in a glass house on a bluff. The house had floor to ceiling windows so you could see right through it and the people left all the lights on. Nothing really exciting happened. We left late the next morning for Isla Grande.

We stopped for a swim but couldn't get the engine started again. We sailed in a good sea breeze and then a strong land breeze during the night but it quit at 2:00 in the morning. I stayed up all night trying to nurse some distance out of light and variable zephyrs. At 8:00 in the morning I tackled the engine problem by cleaning all the electrical contacts on the engine and it started right up. I went to bed until noon. We arrived at Isla Grande in the afternoon and anchored for a couple of hours. It was totally a tourist place in rush mode with a herd of 'chachies' in their plastic and chrome martini sleds crowding the anchorage and mobbing the beach. Chachi people, according to the girls, are Yuppies with fewer manners, totally involved with status through conspicuous consumption, ostentatious display of wealth, brand names, name dropping, in a word: nouveau riche. The girls didn't speak to them but hated them on sight and hid in their bedrooms. We left for Zihuatanajo and anchored off the beach in the middle of town on a Friday night so I didn't have to deal with the Port Captain and pay more fees.

The girls immediately washed, dressed, put on make up, went to town. Walking down a street they were stopped by a man rushing out of a bar who exclaimed that Esther was his soul mate. He was a bandleader and his band was playing there. The girls didn't like him but they liked the boys in the band and made dates with them. After two days of being wined and dined and shown the town the girls just walked into the surf in their dresses and swam home leaving the astounded boys on the beach, 'Tahiarii' mermaids. I spent two days schlepping jerry jugs of diesel and water to the boat with a little time off for checking the Internet, shopping, and breakfast with the girls.

When the girls swam back on Sunday evening we left. We made great progress under engine and sails and passed Acapulco the next afternoon, over 100 miles away. There must be a strong current heading south. We watched a breaching humpback whale and passing ships near Acapulco. The water and weather was getting hotter all the time. The girls slept on deck. We saw a sea turtle the next day. We were all sweating continuous streams in the hot afternoons. Esther made noises on deck with her sweaty back. I found it also continuously amusing that these very feminine young women could be so rude. They liked to belch, which they did after every meal or just because they felt like it. They called it 'making room'. My amusement just encouraged them.

Night arrived an hour before we would have arrived in Huatulco so we hove to, spent the night at sea, and motored into the little bay and anchored in the morning. We were inspected by the navy and then we dinghied into the panga lined harbor. I checked in and the girls hit the road for Oaxaca to visit a friend over the weekend and visit some ruins. Hugs all around. 'Stay safe, girls.' The anchoring fee was $6 a day! Less than a week in Huatulco cost me more than a month in La Paz.

I loaded diesel and water, checked the Internet, called Mom, visited Mark and Lori on 'Althea' anchored near us, went food shopping, and went out for beer and food with Mark and Lori. I slept on deck because of the heat. Lori thought it was very romantic that I was sailing to Australia to find a wife but she said the Venezuelan women were very beautiful and charming.

Check out was two days of aggravation, as I had to go 7 miles to the airport to get the immigration stamp. I went in the afternoon with a taxi and it was a $10 dollar ride at the end of which the office had closed at 1:00. I went back the next day on the bus (50 cents) but forgot the girls' passports! Fortunately the officer was going to the port captain's office in the afternoon to meet a couple of cruise ships and so I finally got all the passports stamped there.

On the last day I bought a cream white cotton backless top and Thai style wrap around pants embroidered with sunflowers for Esther's birthday gift. The girls went at the last minute with a pretty boy (tall, tan, curly long hair, puppy for a chick magnet) on a snorkeling trip. When they got back they said he wouldn't shut up about himself. Some of the Mexicans wouldn't go into the 85 degree water because it was too cold.

We celebrated Esther's birthday by drinking Kalua with coconut milk on deck. She was open mouthed with astonishment at my good taste in gifts. It rated a couple of hugs, which I really enjoyed. Turned out that the girls came back and we had the birthday party a day early because the girls were using a calendar from the previous year. We discovered this at sea two days later and baked a blue and red spotted birthday cake and had another party.

We blasted off from Huatulco on a beam reach in a nice west wind at 6 knots but the wind quit at midnight. We made 75 miles the first 24 hours and that was the high point for the week. The plan, based on wishful thinking and ignorance, was to sail to the doldrums, motor across them, and sail the rest of the way to the Galapagos Islands. I expected the doldrums to be at 8 degrees north. I didn't recognize that we were in the doldrums right off the coast at 14.5 degrees north so we drifted south in little zephyrs and squalls for a week and saved the fuel for the 'real doldrums'. We made an average of 36 miles every 24 hours. Two knots (I can crawl faster than that) seemed like high speed but most of the time we were in directed drifting. It is quite discouraging when the GPS reads below 1 knot for HOURS!

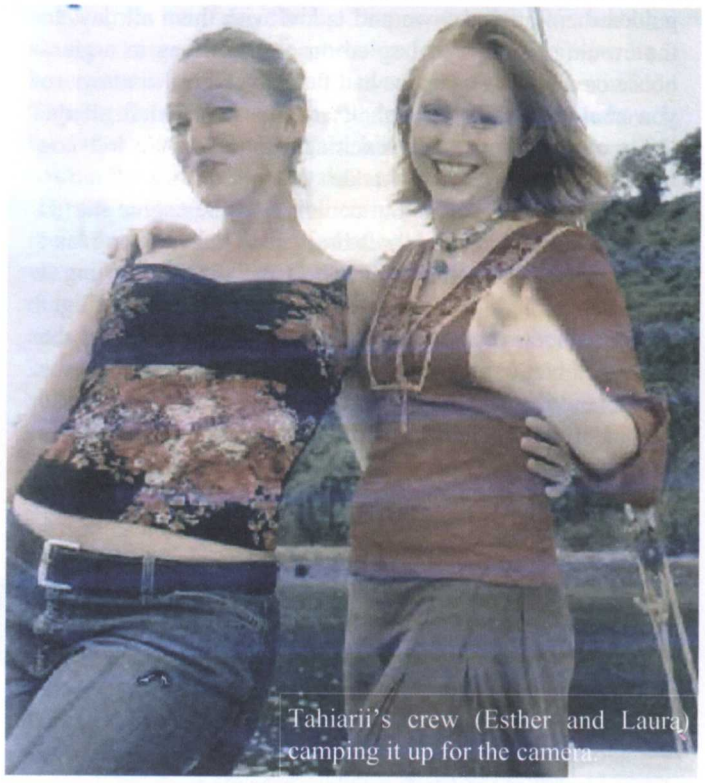
The first few days had clear blue sky and were hot, hot, HOT! Going down below to cook or anything else was like stepping into a steam bath. We slung a tarp over the pilothouse to provide shade. The girls built a fort on deck out of sheets pinned to the awning next to the pilothouse and vegetated on the mattresses spread under their fort. Nobody could sleep below; there was no air. The girls were grumpy and lethargic in the heat so I steered for 12 hours in daylight. They came alive when the sun went down and took all

the night shifts.

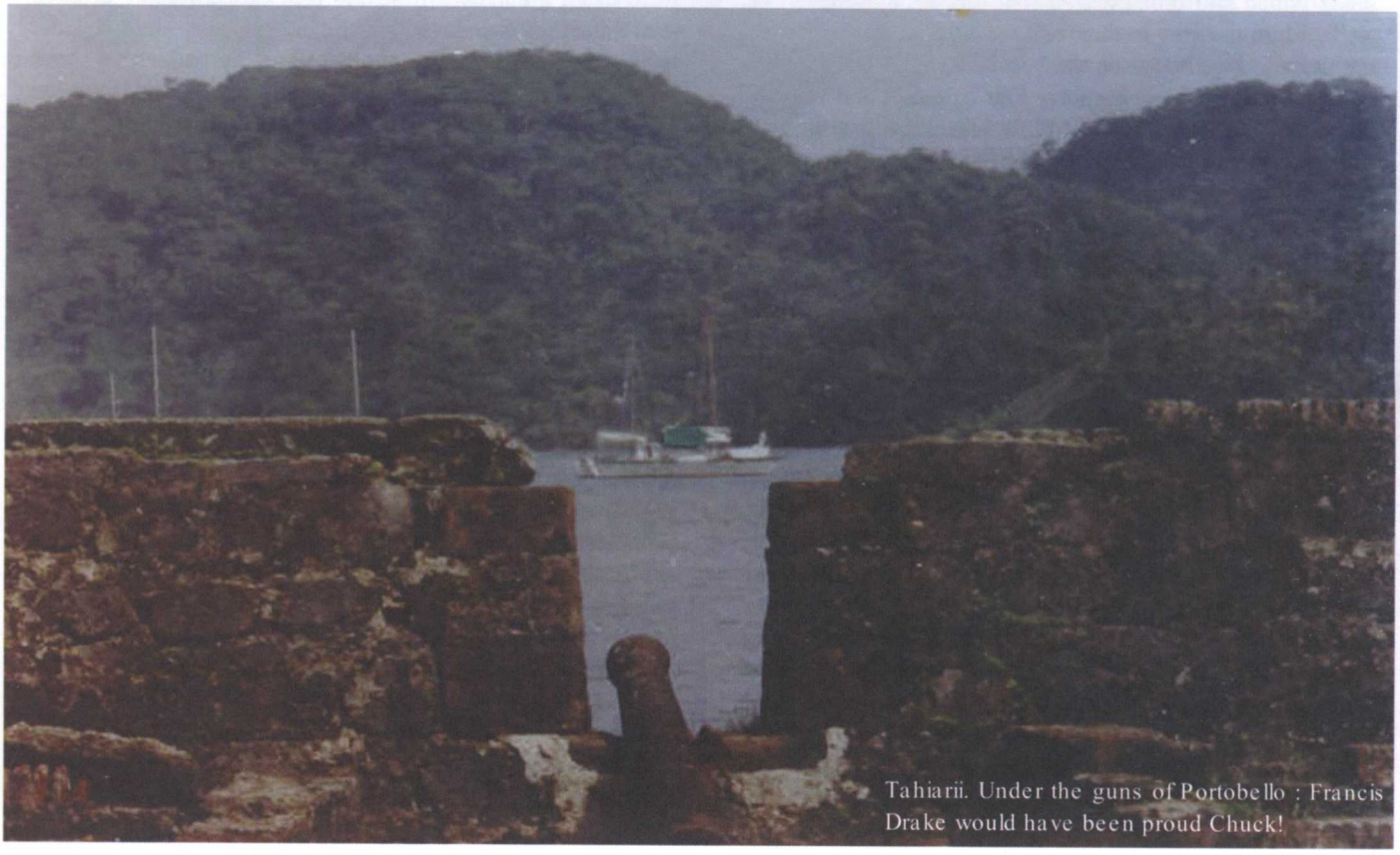
At this speed we could see the wildlife quite well as most of it came to visit. We had a school of skipjack tuna with us for a couple of days. They were fascinating and pretty to watch when we stopped to swim each afternoon. We also had pilot fish tagging along under the boat. The myriad forms of jellyfish were interesting to me but I got stung a couple of places and waited until they thinned out to swim again. One little moon jelly had tiny little fish living in them. I took advantage of our swimming sessions to scrape the incipient reefs off the bottoms of the boat.

We saw leatherback turtles drift by. Flying fish darted out in front of us. Some landed on deck at night along with squid. We had a spectacular display of swimming by a big bull dorado (mahi mahi or dolphin fish) chasing flying fish on the surface. He came bursting out of the water, just about to snatch the flying fish after many turns and dashes, and a booby swooped down and snatched the fish out of the air.

Booby birds swarmed around us in the evenings to land in the rigging. They were cute until they started shitting all over the boat including on me, the mattresses, the decks, and down open hatches. Another use for the awning. They can squirt amazing distances. We declared war. We lost. I used the fishing pole to sling a lead weight at them but it just got caught in the rigging. I shook the masts but they can hang on through anything. Some of the crazy birds landed on the ends of the battens sticking a few inches in front of the mainsail and on the mainsail yard that slopes at 60 degrees but the best place was the wide flat top of the mizzen mast. There was a continuous King of the Hill game for that spot in the evenings. I had some success at shooing the birds away by climbing the ratlines to the top of main mast but I had to stay for an hour at sunset to guard the place until it was completely dark so it wasn't really practical. At the end of the week Esther made an antibird device for the mizzen top featuring lots of sharp screws to prick their feet but the wind came before I could mount it thus making all those points moot. It was too rough for the birds to land anyway.



Tahiarii's crew (Esther and Laura) camping it up for the camera.



Tahiarii. Under the guns of Portobello : Francis Drake would have been proud Chuck!

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The booby birds were another source of amusement for the girls as 'boobies' are their name for breasts. Some jerk with a poor grasp of English had come up to the girls in Z town and said, 'Look me your boobies!' They just pissed themselves laughing, as Laura says. We had lots of dumb jokes about boobies. Just saying it would make the girls laugh.

It was BORING. We spent a lot of time sleeping but there was a lot of idle time. Even the watches weren't very busy since there isn't a lot of steering to do at 1 knot and when the wind came we were always upwind and the boat steered itself beautifully. Laura was always an instigator. She led Esther in singing all the songs from Girl Guides. Laura was always singing something, often popular songs from the radio. I always liked to hear her. The girls' invented wild fantasies about what they were going to do, usually involving the perfect hot guys. We played a board game Othello, similar to the Japanese game of Go. Esther had a great time beating me at the last minute. Then she taught it to Laura and Laura completed my humiliating losing streak. We also played Mancala, the African river stone game.

We saw lots of ships heading to or from Panama and had to keep a sharp look out. Nine days out I was on watch and the girls were having lunch on deck when Laura spotted a tanker coming right up our sterns. The ship had us pinned against the wind and crossing her bow. When it was a mile away I radioed a couple of times with no response so I was getting ready for emergency evasive action when the tanker altered course around us. An officer radioed us to thank us for the 'information'. I asked for the weather report, which he kindly gave me.

After five days the cloud cover increased to form towering cumulus, which developed into squalls the next day. Every squall that hit us during the trip had a different character as to how strong the wind and rain were, up to having only rain or only wind, and whether the rain or wind came first or together.

One squall gave us a burst of 6 knots for 15 minutes and 4 knots for an hour. It rained so hard the sea smoked and lightning flashed all around us. The girls were all excited about the wind and thunder. We all soaped up and rinsed off in the warm rain. Two more squalls hit us that day. One gave us 8.5 knots when we got caught with the jib and main up. We seemed to be sailing from squall to squall. These were the convection cells at the end of the doldrums. After each squall and its wild burst of wind we were becalmed for an hour or more before the wind filled in again back at 2 or 3 knots but at least we were starting to move and the shade of the clouds cut the heat.

The next day we sailed upwind in strong northeast wind and lots of dark clouds into blue sky like the eye of a hurricane with the wall of clouds all around us. We had sailed right through a stable low pressure system. We were out of the doldrums! Of course, we didn't know it yet. The girls thought I knew what I was doing. I was falling asleep at the wheel. We went back to regular shifts. After a nap I made oatmeal cookies and they were our entire dinner. The girls thought that was great.

For one day we had perfect northeast 15 to 20 knots with puffy little cumulus clouds. I even wrote in the log that it looked like North East Trade Winds. But I was still convinced we would find the 'doldrums' at 8 degrees north and then motor the rest of the way to the islands in calm seas. My worst worry was bucking the Humbolt Current that shows on the chart as sweeping through the islands at 2 knots directly against us. This should have been a clue. We counted off the miles to Turning Point where we would turn on the engine.

We had one more difficult day with shifty winds and squalls but then we hit the southerly wind and we were off to the races. We were sailing well making 89, 81, 96 miles per day and then more. It was difficult as it was all up wind and there were still squalls occasionally that we used for showers but we were very glad to be moving well. The girls liked the rough water better that going slow in the flat water. They continuously amazed me at what good sailing attitudes they had.

We saw a very large whale that I couldn't identify. That was pretty interesting. Could have been a blue whale. A large pod of dolphins raced across our bows the next day.

We were eating boat food and occasionally someone would make special treats. Breakfast was pancakes or oatmeal. The girls mixed theirs with bran cereal and molasses and eventually quit cooking it and added milk. We ate a lot of canned things. I ate the oranges and the girls loved the canned refried beans. We pressure cooked rice with everything; beans, lentils, peas, sometimes all at once. And the girls loved it. The girls' handmade tortillas. They usually had holes and thick spots but they were good. I made cornbread occasionally and made pasta salad a couple of times that the girls just loved, never the same twice. Esther made whole-wheat quick bread. Esther and Laura made biscuits on many occasions. With honey and the cloudy yellow stuff of the melted butter (the clear oil is called ghee so I called the bottom yellow stuff 'aitch') where all the flavor and salt is concentrated (and all the bad stuff) they were heaven and sometimes our entire breakfast or dinner. It always gave me great pleasure that they enjoyed my cooking so much and I always liked what they made.

At 12 days we had our Turning Point drinks as I figured we were in range of the engine. But the wind came strong out of the south and we kept sailing. The girls used the engine to motorsail directly for the islands all night but the cavitation in steep 4 foot waves was terrible. The wind increased and the water got rougher. We had to reef and our mileage went down. The sky was continuously cloudy. After facing 25 knots for days and trying the opposite tack I was pretty discouraged. The tacking angle was 100 degrees but the leeway was 20 degrees on both sides according to the GPS for a total angle between tacks of 140 degrees. Our east tack had us on course for Equador and the west tack was Japan.

Next — Panama & the Canal

A Fork in the Road

Tony Perridge Tangaroa I Faoileag

Saturday 2nd June. Decision day! Last night the wind was howling through the marina, keening in the rigging and setting halyards tapping. I awoke feeling taut and nervous, almost looking for excuses not to sail. I tried to get a long range forecast from the Irish coastguard, but after paying an extortionate 24 punts for a personalised forecast by phone from Dublin which was very vague, I eventually called the Metcall in England and got a firm forecast of moderate to strong west to north west winds. I screwed up my courage and suggested to John and JB that we go for it and they agreed, so we fortified ourselves with bacon butties and set sail for Spain at one o'clock in the afternoon.

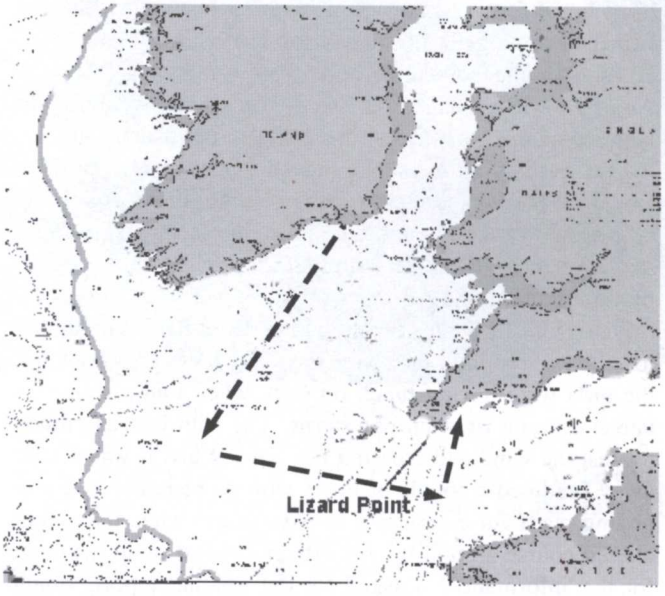
Once outside the harbour, there was a good force 4 northerly blowing so we motor sailed out between the islands and shoals off Kilmore and then set reefed main and jib and headed south. Within an hour the wind started to ease and we unreefed the main and jib and set the mizzen. Once I was back out at sea, all my nervousness disappeared and I felt calm and relaxed. Since I was due to come on watch at midnight, I retired to my bunk for some shut-eye. By then we were 20 miles south of Ireland with just 550 to go to Cape Finisterre.

I came on watch at midnight to a firm wind and moderate seas with a bright moon. Faoileag was striding along at about five to six knots and there were a few ships and fishing boats to avoid. It was warm and I spent most of the watch standing on deck with my back to the mizzenmast, enjoying the night and the good progress we were making. I handed over to JB at three o'clock, but wasn't in my bunk long before the increasing motion brought me back on deck where I found that the wind had sharply increased and the Navik steering paddle had jumped out of location due to our speed down the waves. JB later told me that we had been hitting ten knots at times. The mainsail had gybed and we were tearing along on a reach, so we got the main down and put her back on course under jib alone which still gave us about five knots. I waited around for another hour to make sure everything was all right before returning to bed.

Sunday 3rd June, I awoke to a pleasant morning with sunshine and calming seas. John and JB had put the main back up and I also put up the mizzen and later the mizzen staysail as the winds went into the northeast and grew fainter. We had a very pleasant day with calm seas and light winds, the only drawback being that we were only going along at between two and four knots. At one point I had to put on the motor to avoid a big beam trawler that was on a collision course with us and I was astonished to see that the water had changed from the familiar green of shallow water to a deep blue.

We were now well offshore, eighty miles south of Ireland and the same distance east of Lands End, slowly reaching south under all sail. The light winds persisted all day. John and JB tried fishing, but with no success and so we spent most of the day either sleeping, reading or looking out to the endless horizon.

By evening the wind had picked up from the northwest and was blowing a steady force four. We made good progress south, but at the expense of lumpy seas and we were now beginning to feel the effects of the constant motion. JB wasn't able to eat due to seasickness, which was strange as he had been all right up to now. It may have been triggered by the fact that I had spilt some paraffin into the bilge whilst filling the cooker and the smell was quite strong, even after I had cleaned it up. We forged on south but by midnight the wind had backed into the west and then southwest and so we were hard on the wind, bashing into a rough sea. Progress through the night was very poor and by the morning we were all getting rather jaded. The forecast on the Navtex was for strong west to southwest winds.



I decided to review the situation. I'd been dreaming about this trip for many years, but as so often happens in life, the reality was not living up to the dream. We'd been traveling for what seemed weeks with constantly cold and miserable weather and contrary winds. Thinking about it afterwards, I think that also I was chronically home sick and the lure of foreign places no longer appealed. At midday on the 5th I decided to turn north east to put the seas on the stern and ease the motion for a while. With the seas now following us instead of heading us, there was a distinct feeling of relief from all! I think that once I had turned back towards land, there was no question of turning south again and bashing into the weather. Within a short time I decided to run up the English Channel and head for Cornwall. John and JB both said that they were game to keep trying for Spain, but I suspect that they were quite relieved when I told them of my decision.

With a force four to five southwesterly wind now pushing us homewards, Faoileag fairly tore along. The only sail up was a reefed foresail but she was still hitting eight and nine knots on occasions. The sky was grey and lowering and occasional showers of drizzle passed over us. With the strong following wind the three-hourly plots on the chart strode northeast with satisfying speed and we sighted Lands End through the murk on the afternoon of the 6th June. By then the wind was gusting to force 6 and the seas were becoming

A Fork in the Road Tony Perridge Tangaroa I Faoileag

very steep and many were breaking as the water shoaled. This was pretty hair raising stuff for us and Faoileag was surfing down the faces of the waves at up to 12 knots, then as she was overtaken by the crest, the water foamed up through the deck slats. The engine was constantly inundated with water and I grew concerned that it would not start when we needed it. However, she felt quite in control and the Autohelm did all of the steering with no help needed from the crew. I spent long hours standing with my back braced against the mizzen mast, conscious that we were making great progress to shelter, but very keen to sight land. I recall thanking the Wind God for his robust assistance but respectfully reminding him that enough was enough!

When we closed the Lizard, John kept a running plot from the chartroom to ensure that we gave the headland a good offing. There is a tide race there that can produce dangerous, breaking sees. From seaward, we could see a mass of white breaking waves inshore and were glad when we were safely past. Then we gradually became aware that the seas had diminished and were no longer scaring us half to death! We bore north, past a group of rocks ominously called The Manacles where we were bounced around due to turbulence caused by a shoal patch, and then headed in towards the entrance to the Helford River where we had decided to anchor for the night. Immediately, the wind picked up and the heavens opened and it was all that we could do to claw into the shelter of the river entrance. I decided to start the engine to help us in and, to my amazement, it started first touch of the key and helped us to fight upwind towards shelter. Once there, the wind and rain ceased and the water was calm in the lee of the land.

By now it was almost dark, so we sounded our way in with the lead line, moving slowly through the still water, accompanied by a group of pilot whales who seemed to be guiding us. Once the water was shallow enough, they left us and we dropped anchor close to the shore. To my disgust, because the bower anchor is a 45lb CQR, when I put the engine astern to set the anchor, it promptly dragged. I relaid it and the same thing happened. Feeling rather hard done to after all that we'd been through, I shackled a 40lb Fisherman anchor to the crown of the CQR with a ten foot length of chain and this time we stayed put.

John went below and started to prepare a late supper and JB and I set about tidying up on deck. We were all gradually unwinding after the stress of the last few days and luxuriating in the stillness and quiet. The dark mass of the land gave a great feeling of security. We ate a convivial meal, reviewing the journey and then went to our bunks and fell into exhausted sleep.

We awoke to a sunny morning after a superb night's sleep. Immediately it became clear why the anchor had dragged the previous evening because in daylight we could see that we were anchored inshore of a buoy that had " Eel grass bed - NO ANCHORING" written on it. Guiltily, we took our anchors aboard and sneaked away!

I had decided to take Faoileag to Gweek Quay at the head of the Helford River and take some time to review my options. We motored westwards, up the passage of the Helford River, but after only a couple of miles we realised that there was not enough water to reach Gweek since the tide was ebbing. .

When the tide turned and we finally floated, we continued motoring slowly upriver. It is a beautiful place with densely wooded banks and little creeks going off at intervals, begging to be explored in a small boat. The navigable channel wriggles and winds and is scarcely wider than Faoileag in places, but it is very well marked with buoys and we had no difficulty in following it up to Gweek where we tied up at the boatyard. We tidied up the boat and went ashore in the evening for a celebratory meal during which we talked about all that we had seen and experienced. We all agreed that it had been a great adventure and we all also agreed that it was nice to be safely on shore again! Neither JB nor John had had any offshore experience, but despite that I could not have asked for a better crew - it's just a shame that they hadn't picked a more determined skipper!

And that is where the journey ended. I stayed at Gweek for a further two weeks, enjoying the peace of the gentle Cornish countryside and deciding what now to do with my life. This is the third time that I have set off to sail long distance and once again I have come to the conclusion that I don't have the temperament that is needed to put up with the frustrations and discomfort that are necessarily involved. I have just read Ellen MacArthur's autobiography and feel a total wimp by comparison!

Having decided that I wasn't going to continue to Greece, I put Faoileag up for sale, bought an old car and drove home to Inverness. Recently, however, I came across a Tiki 21 that had been unused for ten years. After some negotiations I became the new owner of "Banana Split", (she's painted bright yellow!) and now I'm in the process of selling the Caprice and returning to the Wharram fold.

Looking back on the whole episode, what seems to be a failure is far from that. For many years I dreamed of sailing Faoileag to some distant place. I worked tirelessly and single-mindedly to bring the dream to life and it says a lot for Edith that she not only put up with being a boat widow, but also actually helped me to realize the dream. She was left with so much to manage on her own, even before I sailed ff, but coped magnificently. I spent two and a half years of spare time rebuilding Faoileag and more money than I care to think of to prepare and equip her for the trip. I gave up my job and pretty much severed all ties. This was a major bridge-burning exercise.

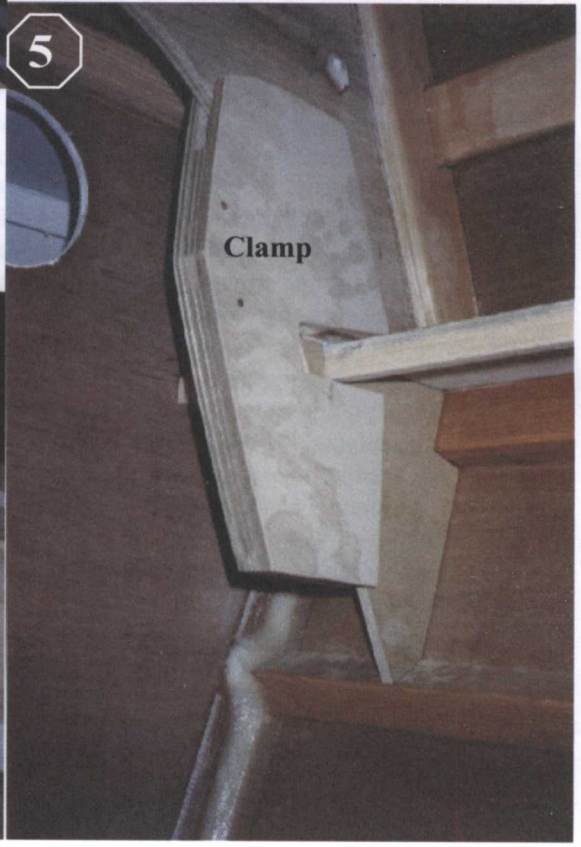
And then I gave the whole thing up. Failure? Hell, no! One of the unexpected side effects was that I have broken out of my rut. I was working a five-day, nine to five life, rather bored and with no real direction. I'm now pretty much retired; just taking what work I fancy and have the free time to do the things that I really want to do. I have rid myself, once and for all, of the delusion that I am a rough, tough offshore sailor and can now enjoy pottering along the edges. It was all worth it and I wouldn't have missed it for anything!

Toroa ~ Building My Pahi 42

Peter Richardson

The crossbeams jig
Crossbeam set up on the jig
Crossbeam infill detail
Pahi 42 daggerboard (with P31 board for comparison)
Crossbeam knee (with lighter clamp) being dry-fitted)

When building a boat from scratch, there will be times when you can't keep working on the hulls and decks, for various reasons. Smaller mini projects can keep project as a whole progressing.



ENGINES - THE LOVE, HATE GAME

Continued from Page 19

What about weight? Well the Yanmar despite its 27hp is half the weight of the Volvo so even with the cat leg the whole engine set up will be lighter. I have to say, though, that I think we (those cruising on cats) sometimes exaggerate the weight business. We have sailed at 15 knots with everything on board. All those spares, loads of food, two dinghies, five anchors and the Volvo. And we regularly sailed at around 8 knots. That seems pretty good for a cruising boat. I think, however, that the classic designs are especially tolerant of heavy loads. We once had a party on board and during the evening I went ashore especially to see what 25 people did to the waterline. It barely made a difference. I am by no means a technical whiz so the maths elude me but I think it is the straight V form that does it. I'm not sure I can express this clearly but it seems to me that more weight is required for each centimetre that the hull is pushed down into the water. Or to put it another way, each 1 centimeter horizontal slice through the hull has more volume than the one below it. Of course we continue to watch the weight. We know an Oro that is sumptuous with hot and cold running everything and a central pod but it has never sailed faster than 5 knots. I think that is distressing. However, when it comes to engines I think the whole weight question, within reason, should be put aside. If I have to sacrifice a knot or two of performance in return for power and reliability then so be it.

To sum up. I think a lot of our problems arose because we tried to save money. You notice that every engine we've had was second hand. We were both working when we built Yin Yang. We thought about a new, biggish diesel and a Sonic leg and we could have afforded that but were seduced by the idea of saving money. I think that no builder should compromise on the engine, get the best diesel set up you can afford. As to outboards, I wouldn't give them house room. Even the Yamaha are less reliable than a diesel. I've known a number of people who have had problems with them. When someone claims to have had no problems you usually find they are pretty au fait with engines and devote a lot of time to maintenance. A lot of us have no technical abilities and no strong desire to acquire them. Anyway life's too short to keep fiddling with an outboard. On top of that 9.9hp on a 11metre cat is sometimes just not enough. If you buy two the weight and price is beginning to approach that of a decent modern diesel. Lastly, the fuel. I once asked a Iriquois owner how he got on with the outboard he used, this was before we had the Johnson, "It's alright" he said, "As long as you don't mind carrying a napalm bomb on board".

Upgrades for Classic Designs

James Wharram Designs

I was glad to see you included the info I gave you regarding the Tiki Wingsails. It occurred to me that, perhaps in the next issue, you might like to include some information regarding the Design Improvements and Modifications which are available for the Classic Designs, since some of the most frequently asked questions we receive are about this.

We sell Beam Lashing details and two different "packages" of updates for our Classic designs, suitable for use on the Tangaroa MKI & IV, Raka, Narai Mk I, II & IV, Oro, Ariki and Tehini, which include various modifications. Details are as follows:

Beam Lashings: For 35 years, the majority of Wharram designs have been designed in the two hull deck assembly as controlled flexible structures. In the early years we used rubber blocks on steel bolt mountings. In recent years, we have been using the high tensile strength and modern stretch characteristics of modern ropes. Using this method of lashing beams to the hull, fixed high stress points are reduced, the lashings show visible signs under stress and act as replaceable stress members and stress gauges. Under actual working conditions the rope lashings have been shown to act precisely in this way, and have proven to be easy to maintain and replace when required. If you are interested in changing to lashed beams rather than the standard attachment method, you can purchase the relevent drawings for £25.00.

Design Improvement Package I: Suitable for use on the Tangaroa MKI & IV, Raka, Narai Mk I,II & IV, Oro, Ariki and Tehini

The improvements are based on the Tiki 38 centre deck layout and give details for a Deckpod/cockpit, Twin Engine Boxes to fit Yamaha 4-stroke 9.9hp outboards, Stern Ramp, Main Mast Step and other Centre Deck Improvements like alternative fixing of slatted decks. The cost of this update is £100.

Design Improvement Package II: Suitable for use on the Tangaroa MKI & IV, Raka, Narai Mk I, II & IV, Oro and Ariki.

This package is the same as Package I but includes Tiki style crossbeams (I beams with ply web). It also includes the drawing for converting to lashed crossbeams, drawn especially for the Classic Designs. The cost of this update is £150

(Postage, and VAT if applicable, should be added to all prices quoted)

Liz @ James Wharram Designs

JWD, have an enormous Q&A database (now more than 100 pages long). Some of the questions (and the answers of course!) that are asked most frequently will be included from time to time in the SeaPeople.—Ed

News from the Starboard Hull

This column will deal with any and all issues to do with stores, food preparation and storage, ships maintenance etc.

Food without Refrigeration

In the past we've looked at food preservation methods such as drying, salting, pickling because food storage aboard a boat, specifically a cruising boat, can't think in terms of food storage in the same way that the average householder does, due to our restricted supply of electricity aboard.. This doesn't mean we have to regress back to medieval times. A recipe sent in by John Russell reminded me that using a combination of food storage methods our culinary needs needed revert back to hard tack & salt beef of Nelson and Drake's time.

Linguini with White Clam Sauce

This favorite/staple of N. American Italian restuarants uses dry ingredients (pasta, mushrooms.), canned (clams) and addresses fresh water shortage issues aboard also.

This is a 2 pot meal that has no ingredients needing refrigeration. The only downside for cruisers is that it, like all pasta dishes, uses a fair amount of water. This is not a problem if seawater is used. It is a hearty meal for two people and great with a bottle of dry white wine and a loaf of crusty garlic bread (although there are plenty of carbohydrates with just the linguini). The sauce cooks up quickly and can be ready by the time the pasta is done. The quantities for the seasonings are a starting point; you may like your sauce more or less spicy so experiment a bit. This recipe calls for canned mushrooms but reconstituted dry (shiitake are quite nice) mushrooms work well. The clams could be fresh if available or whole canned if that would be more to your liking. Serves 2

1 T Olive oil	1 rounded tablespoon Cornstarch	¼ to ½ Onion, finely chopped	8 oz (236 ml) Clam Juice
½lb Linguini pasta	6.5 oz (184 gr) can Chopped Clams	6.5 oz (184 gr) can Minced Clams	7.3 oz (206 gr) sliced Mushrooms
Seasoning	1t Oregano	1t Basil	½ t red pepper flakes
	1 Clove garlic, finely chopped	1/2t Ground Pepper	4 Bay leaves
Garnish	Parmesan cheese to taste	1t Chopped Parsley	

1. In a large pot bring about 2 quarts of water to boil, add linguini and cook for 10 – 15 minutes until tender.
2. In a medium saucepan sauté garlic and onions for about 3 minutes, add clams, mushrooms and seasonings (but not the cornstarch or clam juice). Bring to a low boil.
3. Place cornstarch in a small container (that will hold 8 oz), a measuring cup works well. Add a tablespoon or so of the clam juice and mix thoroughly until the cornstarch is completely damp. Add remainder of clam juice while stirring the mixture.
4. Stir cornstarch mixture to clams and spices while stirring the cornstarch mixture (the cornstarch settles to the bottom of the container very easily).
5. Bring the sauce back to a full boil for a minute or two to allow it to thicken (that's what the cornstarch does).
6. Drain pasta in a colander ladle on sauce, garnish with parmesan cheese to taste.
7. Bon appetite!!!

ROSBIF SPECIAL

I was the skipper of a chartered catamaran out of Martinique with a crew of 8 French colleagues from the Paris division of our company. To share the cooking load **everyone** cooks at least one dish (I am reconsidering this mandate of mine see Vincent).
Also, cooks on my boats never wash up and always have a dedicated preparer (unless dismissed). The day that the skipper, "le rosbif" (englishman), would cook the evening meal approached. I'm sure the crew were dreading the event as much as myself (the skipper). Fear and trepidation fell away after Vincent's lukewarm (and watery) paté americain and (equally lukewarm and watery) instant sloppy mashed potatoes, the night before. Could the skipper's offering be any worse?
Sneaky skipper had a quick word with the cook, (professional by the way), and decided on "Spaghettini Aioli". Simple, elegant and tasty, like the skipper (in his dreams!). The crew were pleasantly surprised! Vincent was not asked to cook again!

Ingredients 1 lb. of pasta (spaghetti/spaghettini), 1/3 cup virgin olive oil, 2 garlic cloves (minced), pinch of red pepper flakes, 2 TB. chopped parsley, salt and pepper.
Start cooking spaghetti (see above). Put the olive oil, garlic, and red pepper flakes in a saucepan over low heat. Cook until the garlic turns golden. Do not brown.!!! Salt and pepper to taste. Pour over spaghetti and sprinkle with parsley.
Serve over piping hot spaghetti (cooked al dente).

DITTY BAG

DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG DITTY BAG

Free Advertising in the Ditty Bag for all PCA members. Boats, plans, or bits and pieces For Sale or Wanted. Offer or seek services as captain, crew, cook, bottle washer or bottom scrubber.

**** **Ditty bag ads will run automatically for 2 issues** (to give other members space), if you sell, let us know and we'll pull the 2nd ad. Also please contact us if a 3rd ad is needed*

My **Hitia 17** "Prince of Tides" is for sale! Built in 93/94 from best materials, the boat has been completely refitted last year. With road trailer, slip wheels, deck tent and lots of gear. Reinforced foredecks, rudders and trampoline. Really in an excellent shape. Lying in northern Germany. Price : **Euro 3400. -**
Wulf Claussen, 10439 Berlin, Nordkapstr. 8 Tel. & Fax 0049 - (0) 30 - 46 79 6464
Best regards und immer eine handbreit Wasser unter dem Kiel

FOR SALE - Wharram **Tiki 21** - "Neko"
Price £3,500 or near offer – Euro 5,200(approx)
This Tiki 21 has been transformed from a small cabin format to a large cabin. She now also has a Crab Claw Sail Rig with a Mizzen. Lying: south UK, Ply/Epoxy construction. Sails, Spars & rig: Jeckells Mainsail and 3 Jibs. Crab Claw Sail. Extensive inventory includes nav equipment, original main & 3 jibs,Tohatsu o/b and 7' dinghy with Seagull o/b. (photo in SeaPeople #52)
John Ireland tel no 01903 265 877 (after 17:00 GMT).

Solid plastic trampoline for GRP Tiki26. Almost new, only for sale because I prefer netting. £85 ono Contact Nigel Dyer on 01202 721066 or 07973 840773.

HITIA 14 (FLO) for sale The price is **1.450,- €**
Well built in 1999, wooden look. If you like, you can read a little bit more about this boat by the Austrian Wharram Circle. http://members.blackbox.net/AustrianWharramCircle/wer_wir_sind/p_weigel_hitia14.htm
Peter Weigel peter.weigel1@gmx.de (Germany)
Tel. 0049-202-2462353

Apologies to Peter (& family) & anyone who contacted him regarding his Tiki26; The boat was sold last year but unfortunately his ad was not removed until this issue. Please advise me when an item sells, at editor@pca-seapeople.org or via PCA office. Sorry, Dave (Editor)

For sale **Tiki 21** - Asking **$3000**. Built by boat yard/ cabinet maker in 1992 – Located Newport, Rhode Island, USA.
Marine ply, epoxy. Sails are in good condition.
Mainsail by Jeckells, Jib & Cruising spinnaker by Haarstick
Evinrude 4hp long shaft, no reverse gear, starts and runs.
2 Danforth anchors & chain – Tall rig (+2') - Tent frame (no tent) - 18' ft boat trailer (new springs) - Boat is currently disassembled for road transport.
"David Dawes" [redacted] (305) 587 2721

"Yellow Cat" Heavily built Tiki31 fully equipped for cruising - wheel steering, autopilot, twin fourstrokes, cockpit tents, solar panels, ballast tanks, huge wardrobe of sails. £10k
Paul Cobb.
"Yellow Cat" , Long Island Ferry, Schull, West Cork, Eire, 0035 3860666617

For Sale: Full set of plans for **Melanesia**, guaranteed not yet built along with some epoxy and associated materials.
I have decided that I am a sailor, not a builder. I will never finish especially as I now live in a flat.

Offers please to Alan Howells on 01179 442618

FOR SALE - Plans for **26ft TIKIROA** (No. 50) - newcondition and no boat built to these plans. Moved to a smaller house and as the years go by, I can't see that I will ever get round to building. So, the plans are now for sale at £300ono.
Nick Riley, 161 Botany Road, Broadstairs, Kent UK CT10 3SD – + 44 (0) 1843 860247 nick-riley@lineone.net

Crew wanted
Crew required for one way sail to the lagoon at Faro (from Bangor, N. Wales) in 2004. No dates or details yet.
Some work required winter of 2003 before we can go, I need to remove engine pod and existing engine and replace with an alternative as yet not decided.

Dave Brooman +44 (0) 7771 508 460 or see handbook.

CREW Available – ex Tiki 26 owner (Day skipper theory) seeks Ocean experience next year - 2004. In exchange for expenses contribution, help preparing boat etc.
Based West Midlands - travel no problem (well I wouldn't be a PCA member if it was!!)
Andy White – andy.white@mowlem.com - 01952 813466

Letters Letters Letters Letters Letters

Do send us letters and postcards, emails, telegrams and porpoise post. It's good to hear how things are going in your part of the world, and to share your concerns.

Good morning all at the PCA, Congratulations on the excellently presented improved magazine.

As an aside, I sail my Alpa 38 in Panama where I have a wooden house in a small lagoon at Jose Pobre some four miles north east of Portobelo. Recently I was anchored on the north side of the Portobelo entrance under Fort San Fernando sheltering from the Christmas winds along with several other yachts waiting for the winds to subside before they made the move along to The San Blas islands. A Tiki 38 (I think) was anchored ahead of me. I rowed over and found that it belonged to Ron and Suzanne who built her in North Carolina. He gives massages to fund his journeying so we asked whether we could have one. Yes was the reply but we had to wait for a lull in the big winds, as he never gave massages without an awning, the heat was too much and the high winds meant that he had it down. We spent a couple of days there together before we moved Pilar back to Jose Pobre and our return two days ago to the UK. He asked to be remembered to you all but for the life of me I never took a photograph of his Tiki, never took down his surname or the name of his boat!! Didn't I do well? We even carry two digital cameras for just this use. I am sure you will know the boat as he said he was always on the phone to someone in the PCA for advice. We return there frequently, so next time I will take photos of all the Wharrams around the area. Ron was not a member of the PCA and I promised to take him all my back copies. He and Suzanne will be leaving their boat and going back to North Carolina shortly to gain some more cruising funds so I will doubtless catch them at some later time.
Thanks for the greatly improved mag.
Sincerely,
Phil James

Dear PCA -

Please renew our membership for another year. We hope to move Lipalipa down to the water about June-July. Its been a long year of boatbuilding and work for Emma And Graeme..Lipalipa is nearing completion. Graeme has worked on her full time all this year. She is emerging as a real beauty, with her rising sheer set off by green gunwale, classic cream hull and red antifoulimng peeping over the waves. Interior is almost finished - all timber, the stove and hand-fired ceeramic tiled benchtop already installed (thanks Kathy!). Masts, sails and motorsare all ready for installatoin. We **definitely** plan to move aboard early in 2004! Emma's work this year has taken her to many wonderful places, from Torres Strait to Canberra, Dhurputjpi to Timor-Leste.

Our best wishes to you may you have fair winds, and may all your dreams come true in 2004, as we hope ours will!

Graham (Kelly) & Emma (Watkins)

Free Advice [and worth every penny] Via Fred W. Smith

William Safire's Rules for Writers"" as an aid for the use of correct English:
The rules included, ""Remember to never split an infinitive"; ""he passive voice should never be used"; and "Last, but not least, avoid cliches like the plague."

Chekhov said, "Any idiot can face a crisis; it is this day-to-day living that wears you out"

Madness takes its toll. Please have exact change.

The best things in life aren't things.

A bit of feedback on the previous issue. I like the idea of colour photos. Two or more different colours unless of a different shade or density just look the same in black & white, thus loosing definition. I also greatly like the artwork by Remy Roy, especially the Tikopian canoe, perhaps he could be persuaded to do a series of ancestral Polynesian craft?
My PCA burgee having faded to pink has now begun to disintegrate, courtesy of F9 bashing do I am enclosing a cheque for £12 for a new one please.
A little time ago, (being now a card carrying crinkly) I was ??teased?? with the following little rhyme which may amuse you

You are old Father William, the young man said,
And your hair is turning mainly to white.
Yet you consistently mess around in boats.
Do you think at your age it is right?

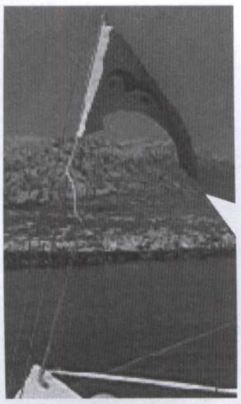
In my youth said the sage I took to the sea
And found it was good for me then.
And now with the health and contentment it brings.
I should live to one hundred and ten!

all the best, Pete the Pest

Pete, if you like Remy's work, you'll love the Sept'04 SeaPeople with lots of Remy's artwork, Dave (halfway there according to Father William!)

Melanesia was mentioned in the last mag, indeed its a beauty, Meinhard Koch built one and introduced it at the 2000 rally at the lake (currently for sale), actually everybody was deeply impressed by her appearance.
All the best
Gerald (Winkler)

Gerald attached a couple of pictures of Meinhard's Melanesia which I'll feature in a future issue focusing on the smaller Wharram designs, Dave



Support your Association
And spread good fortune

With a lucky PCA burgee and clothing too

your voyage is assured of success…….

Reading matter? Back numbers of course!

Committee member Gerald Winkler shows

our Burgee in the Adriatic That's the way to do it!

NEW RED BURGEES, DOUBLE THICKNESS, PRINTED LOGO BOTH SIDES.....£12 INC. P&P

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BUY IN BULK

5 or more ISSUES. £3.00 each INC. P&P
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PACKING & POSTAGE ON CLOTHING ITEMS: UK: £2.50 FIRST ITEM, £2 EACH EXTRA ITEM
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PAYMENT WITH ORDER, IN STERLING CHEQUES AS PRICED ABOVE (OR CREDIT CARD – PHONE OR WRITE), OR PLEASE ALLOW £5 FOR OUR CURRENCY CONVERSION COSTS. THANK YOU!

OUR ADDRESS: PCA ORDERS, 118 HOWETH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, DORSET BH10 5NS, UK.

Hello, my name is John , and I suffer from the guilt of not forwarding 50 billion $*&**%$! chain letters sent to me by people who actually believe that if you send them on, a poor 6-year-old girl in Arkansas with a breast on her forehead will be able to raise enough money to have it removed before her redneck parents sell her to a traveling freak show.

Do you honestly believe that Bill Gates is going to give you, and everyone to whom you send "his" email, $1000? **How stupid are you?**

"Ooooh, looky here! If I scroll down this page and make a wish, I'll get laid by a model I just happen to run into the next day!"

Maybe the evil chain letter leprechauns will come into my house and sodomize me in my sleep for not continuing a chain letter that was started by St. Peter in 5 AD and brought to this country by midget pilgrims on the Mayflower. **Yeah sure!**

If you're going to forward something, at least send me something mildly amusing. I've seen all the "send this to 10 of your closest friends, and this poor, wretched excuse for a human being will somehow receive a nickel from some omniscient being" forwards about 90 times. I don't care!

Show a little intelligence and think about what you're actually contributing to by sending out these forwards. Chances are, it's our own unpopularity. The point being? If you get some chain letter that's threatening to leave you sexless or luckless for the rest of your life, delete it. If it's funny, send it on. Don't piss people off by making them feel guilty about a leper in Botswana with no teeth who has been tied to the ass of a dead elephant for 27 years and whose only salvation is the 5 cents per letter he'll receive if you forward this email.

Got all that! Now forward this to everyone you know. Otherwise, tomorrow morning your underwear will turn carnivorous and will consume your genitals.

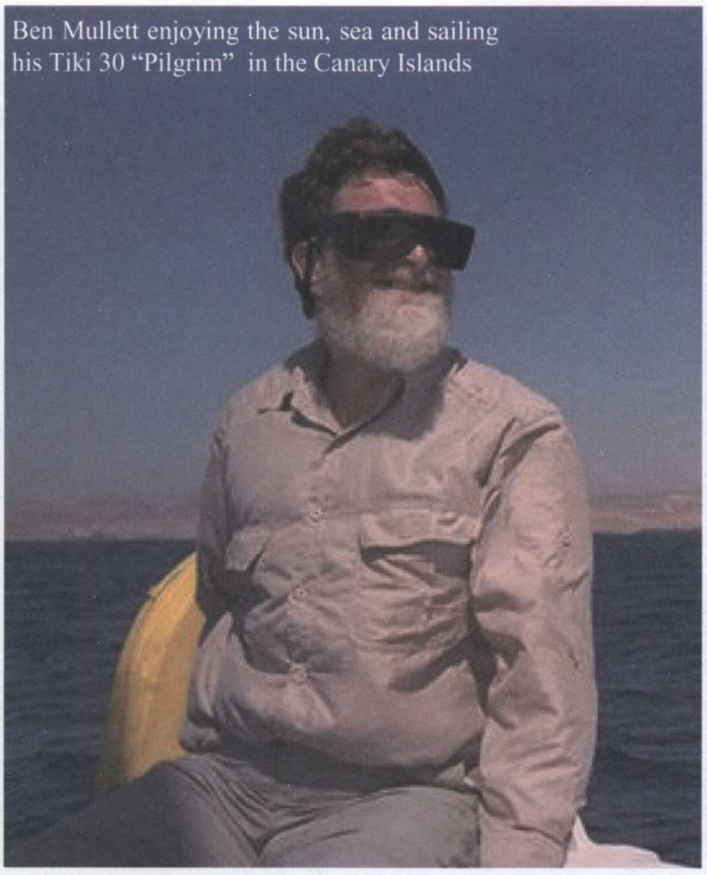
Have a nice day.

Capt. John Russell (www.safeyacht.com)

P.S. Send me 15 bucks

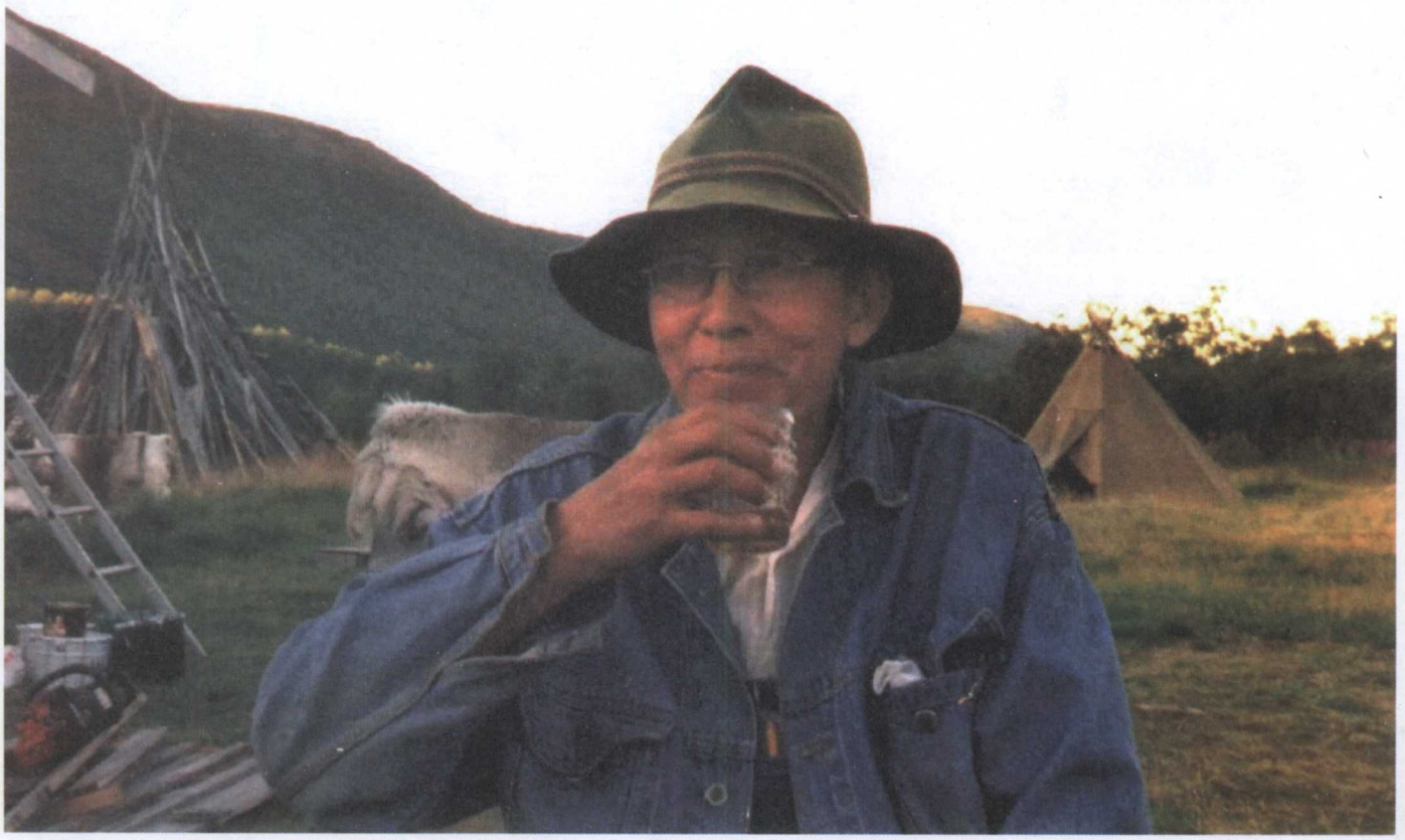
I know this is the humor corner, but seriously who on earth enjoys sailing like this? Surely they're pulling our leg?

FACES OF SEA PEOPLE



Ben Mullett enjoying the sun, sea and sailing his Tiki 30 "Pilgrim" in the Canary Islands

Marie-Hélène Fercot relaxing in the pod of the Fercot's T30



Olavi Harkonen keeping the cold (and wolves) at bay in the far, far north of Finland, see his letter on page 12